

GOKULAM

The monthly magazine for children



JANUARY '94

Rs. 3.00

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Of all created things, the loveliest
And most divine are children.

— William Canton.

Vol. VI, No. 7



GOKULAM

Wishes you a
HAPPY NEW YEAR!
January, 1994

Dear children,

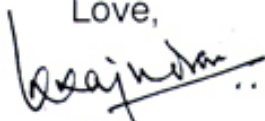
When I see the large variety of dolls available for you these days, I am reminded of my boyhood. Of course we did not have "He man" or "GI Joe" to play with. My sister received a celluloid baby doll as a present for her birthday. It was pretty and my sister loved it. She fed the 'baby', bathed it, and even stitched new dresses for it. When the baby was 'sick' she called the doctor, and I rushed in with the medical kit!

It was alright to act as a doctor, but I couldn't play with the doll. It was girly stuff! My heart yearned for a doll of my own, and my joy knew no bounds, when as a surprise gift, I received a "Tanjore Doll" from my father on his return from a visit to that city.

I loved it, because it always said "Yes" or "Okay" to whatever I said or did! While elders were always correcting me, telling me what to do or not to do, this Tanjore Doll kept on nodding in approval and that too with a broad grin!

One day, unfortunately, it fell down accidentally from the top of my table and broke into pieces. My heart missed a beat, and my eyes swelled, but I noticed what made the doll nod in approval. It was a lump of clay which acted as dead weight at the bottom! "I'm not going to miss this 'Yes Man' very much," I thought, wiping my eyes. Overcoming my sorrow, I picked up the pieces off the floor.

Love,



Editor.





NEWSPAPERS

Oh! Horrible, disgusting newspapers
Of different names -
The Hindu, The Deccan Herald
The Times of India, The Indian Express.
Some local newspapers, some national.

Oh! Horrible newspapers!
Always stories of disasters
Never of fun.
Everything for grown-ups
Never for children.

Oh! Newspapers!
Why can't you bring
Stories for children
Oh! Why can't you bring some lovely
Things to draw and paint?
Oh! Why can't you bring Mickey and Donald?
Oh! Newspapers when will you improve?
Oh! Why can't you publish things like 'Gokulam' does?

Gitanjali. B., aged 10,
Bangalore - 560 055.

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JAYARAJ



* Catching copy cats!

Dear Editor,

❖ We have always seen the name ANURADHA KHATI after the Undir family stories. Can we send stories about the Undir family?

D. Chitra and D. Rama, aged 14 and 16,
Madras - 600 059.

Anuradha Khati has created the Undir family. She writes the stories about them. Why don't you create characters of your own and write about them? It would be more fun, wouldn't it? Ed.

Dear Editor,

❖ 'Unpack the Clothes' in 'Puzzles' in the October issue has been copied from the Readers Digest Puzzles Book.

Are we allowed to send puzzles from other books?

Hima Bindu B., aged 14,
National Public School,
Bangalore - 8.

No. You are not allowed to send puzzles or anything else from other books. How would you feel if somebody copied what you wrote and sent it under their own name?

We trust our readers and expect them to send their own creations. Ed.

Dear Editor,

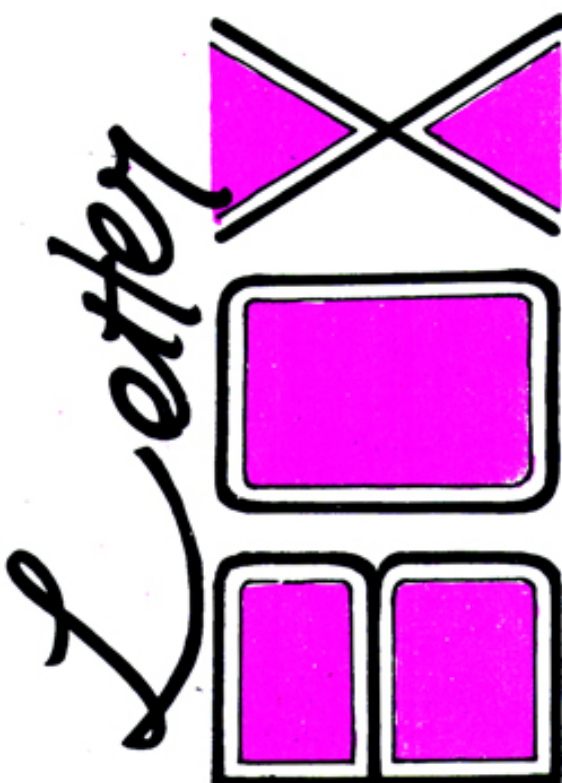
❖ 'Cunning Cattappa and Innocent Mousetty' is a story copied from 'Champak'. Readers should know that if they send a copied story, and everybody comes to know of it, it is very shameful. It even insults 'Gokulam', for everybody will then say, 'Gokulam' publishes all copied stories.

Nitin, aged 7,
Bangalore - 560 041.

Dear Editor,

❖ The poem 'Say It Yourself Every Morning' (November issue) was not Shanmugapriya's own work. It was printed in an Archies poster, as well as in our school diary.

V. Chandana, aged 12,
Gnanodaya School, Hyderabad.



Dear Editor,

◆ I read 'The Art of Gossip' in the December issue. I strongly agree with Vasumathy. I congratulate her for writing it, and expect more of such articles.

Raghu, aged 16,
Bangalore - 560 076.

Dear Editor,

◆ We are new readers of 'Gokulam'. We are very impressed by the information it provides. Please publish more science facts and mystery stories.

B. Tara and R. Lavanya, aged 14,
Ranipet - 632 406.

Dear Editor,

◆ I am a regular reader and I live in a village. I hope your magazine reaches many like me. It is very useful in learning to read and write English. We can understand the articles in it, but are unable to contribute anything.

G. Padmanabhan,
Arumuganeri - 628 202.

Why don't you try writing to
Gokulam about your village,
Paddu? Ed.

Snippets from our readers

◆ I am a regular reader of 'Gokulam', but I do not know the address to which I should send my articles.

Sangeeth Mohan, Std. X-D,
Sainik School, TVM.

We get many letters like yours, Sangeeth. To those of you who have this doubt we've given our address at the bottom of this page.

◆ Thank you for 'Butterfly Magic' in the November '93 issue. It helped in my science lessons.

Shantha Ramesh, aged 12
Bombay - 400 019
N. Meena, aged 9,
Madras - 20.

◆ Please publish stories like 'Robin Hood' (October issue) in every issue.

V. Subha, aged 13,
Madras - 600 094.

◆ I love all stories in 'Gokulam'. I like 'Waterview House' too.

Madhu, aged 8.

* Rural readers!



◆ 'Honestly Speaking' by Rangashree was very interesting. Thank you, Rangashree.

Deepthi and Priya Shetty,
Bangalore - 22.

Send your stories, poems and other contributions to :
**GOKULAM (English), 47, Jawaharlal Nehru Road,
Ekkaduthangal, Madras - 600 097.**



STORIES FROM OUR READERS

It really caught my imagination. Now, here was something for a total of twelve rupees. I began to dream of all sorts of possibilities - I could travel without a ticket in buses and trains.... I could settle an old score with



J....

It was in one of the magazines that is regularly delivered to my house.

The advertisement said,

"Scientifically designed and proved. When you use it, you can see all, but none can see you. Just for Rs. 10/- Two rupees extra, for postage, and packing charges. Rush your order today."

Sriram, my classmate who had troubled me a lot because he was our class monitor....

**YOU CAN SEE ALL,
BUT NONE
CAN SEE YOU!**

I'll be nice to see him at his wit's end, or even in tears...

I could hide the chalks, wet the duster... smear gum over the teacher's chair....

And Sriram would be punished for all these invisible acts of mine.

I could even raid *Ganesh Sweets*, the shop at the corner that sold such delicious stuff.

The poor chap would never know where his sweets went....

I couldn't wait to get my hands on this scientifically designed and proved thing,



using which I could see all, but none could see me.

But there were problems right at the beginning. How was I to get the Rs. 12 in the first place? My parents always got me what I wanted, and I never received pocket-money.

But, necessity is the mother of invention. And I invented a lie. I went to my grandparents with a sob story about a poor classmate of mine whom I wanted to help. Poor *thatha* and *patti**. They fell for it alright. And I got my Rs. 12.

Then, braving all possible dangers, I somehow managed to slip to the nearby post-office and money-order the amount.

* Grandfather and grandmother



It was a twenty day long wait. It seemed like a year to me. It was a Saturday afternoon and I had just returned from school. I was removing my shoes when the doorbell rang. It was the postman with a parcel addressed to me.

I snatched my precious parcel from him with trembling hands and ran into my room.

My brothers had gone over to the neighbours, and I would be undisturbed. I certainly didn't want them in my secret.

I opened the parcel carefully. What was this secret thing? Out came a bag-like piece of black cloth with two holes somewhere along the middle.

There was a letter with it.

"Scientifically designed and proved," ran the letter, "This will help you see everybody though none can see you. Slip this cloth over your face, and your face becomes invisible."

I felt shattered. I had lied. Wasted Rs. 12. And made a fool of myself over this unworthy thing.

But friends! I still have it with me. Do any of you want this thing with which you can see all but none can see you? Available for just Rs. 10, no postage and packing charges.

Scientifically designed and proved.

Contact immediately-

**V. Badrinath, aged 11,
Madras - 45.**



TAKLA

You need :
3 cups rice powder

1 cup *besan*
2 teaspoons of *Jeera* and *Dhania* powder
Chilli powder and salt according to taste
1 cup *methi* leaves (finely chopped)
A little curd

How to make it :

Mix the above into a very thick dough. Roll it out and slice into long pieces. Deep fry in oil. Serve with sauce.

**- Ranjani R,
Bombay.**

The story so far.....

Shyama, Suresh, and their parents, the Viswanaths, are on a holiday at Kadaikanal. There, they stay at 'Waterview House', a bungalow that belongs to their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sharma.

Suresh, a camera buff, and Shyama hire cycles and tour around the country-side. They make friends with Adityan, a tourist guide.

Suddenly, one day, the

developing. In one of the pictures taken of Waterview House, from the lake, Shyama spots two men standing on the roof of the house. Who are they?

The children tell their parents of the discovery. All are puzzled as to why the thugs want Waterview House so badly.

Suresh decides that Adityan holds the key to the mystery and rides out to find him. Shyama fears that Suresh might meet some mishap and tells her father.

MYSTERY

WATERVIEW HOUSE

SERIAL - 6

caretaker-cum-gardener of Waterview House vanishes. The Viswanaths find that he has taken all his belongings with him.

Suresh and Shyama ride out to see Adityan, to find out if he knows anything about the disappearance.

But when Adityan sees them, he runs away shouting, "Leave the house! It is dangerous!"

Then two thugs turn up at the bungalow saying that they want to buy it.

But Mrs. Viswanath sends them away saying, "It's not for sale!"

Shyama and Suresh ride over to the 'Photoshoppe', to collect some prints of a film they had given for

An angry Mr. Viswanath sets out with Shyama to overtake Suresh.

They stop at a tea-stall to ask directions to Old Mount, where Adityan lives. They find that there are two routes - the short one through a forest, and the long one by road. They decide to play safe and take the road.

Suresh meanwhile, has taken the short cut. His bicycle tyre has been punctured, and he wheels it forward. Lost, he finds himself at a warehouse of sorts, where men are busy unloading crates. The men take him captive when they realize that he lives at Waterview House.

They board a lorry and reach a huge mansion on one of the smaller hills. Adityan, Suresh realizes, is a prisoner there.

Meanwhile, Shyama and Mr. Viswanath reach Old Mount. A guide approaches them thinking they are tourists. When they ask him about Adityan, he looks frightened. He shows them the rubble of a damaged house saying it belongs to the vanished guide.

Shyama and her father turn homewards. On the way, they meet Mrs. Viswanath, who has come out in search of them. They return home to find it ablaze with lights. The thugs are waiting inside to imprison them!

*Suresh, who is a prisoner in the mansion sees a chance to escape....
Now read on.....*

Suresh ran towards the door and looked out. He could see nobody around. He tiptoed out through the corridors, into the hall. Just as he was about to sprint across it, he stopped. A man was sitting in a sofa, immersed in a book. Suresh could only see his back. Before Suresh could move, the man turned.

His eyes widened with surprise for a moment, then he smiled, "Aah! Our honoured guest! Come in, Come in!"

Suresh hesitantly stepped forward.

The man smiled once again and said, "Don't be afraid. Come, sit!" He beckoned at Suresh. Suresh walked in and sat opposite him.



"Let me introduce myself," said the man. "I am Jose Sundar. Professor Jose Sundar of the — institute in Madras." He named a prestigious research institute in Madras. "And right now, you are a guest in my holiday home."

"Why are you keeping me here?"

"You've seen too much, I am told," Jose replied. "So much that I have to keep you with me for a long, long time."

Suresh was silent for a while. He could not think how he was to get out of this.

"How did you get out of your room, Suresh?"

Suresh did not reply to that.

"Why do you want *Waterview House*?" he asked instead.

"Aah!" replied Jose, "I wondered whether you'd ask me that... I intend to tell you anyway."

Suresh was silent.

"I don't really want to buy the house," Jose continued. "Except as a last resort. I just want to get inside and have a good look. You see... I lost a precious roll of my papers inside that house."

"How?" Suresh exclaimed.

"How can you lose your papers inside that house? Did you live there once?"

"Tch, tch, no!" Jose laughed.

"One of my men was carrying it from one place to another. But



Q : If a man married a princess, what would he be?

A : Her husband!

**Yamini Kasera,
Bangalore - 79**

alas! This man was wanted by the police, and he got chased by them that night. He was running past your 'Waterview House', but he got an idea, turned, jumped over the gate, threw the roll of paper into a window, dived into the lake, swam, and escaped!"

Suresh could not believe his ears. This sounded like a thriller novel!

"What papers are they?" he asked.

"Tch, tch!" said Jose, "If I tell you that too, I'll have to kill you! Now just tell me — have you seen a roll of paper lying anywhere inside?"

"No," Suresh replied.

The leader came into the room just then.

"*Saar!*" he said, very, very politely, "Somu has come."

Somu turned out to be the bearded man.

"*Saar,*" said Somu. "Our men are inside 'Waterview House'. They are busy searching for it. I've given them in-

structions to catch this boy's family when they come."

"What do you mean, 'come'?" asked Jose. "Weren't they in the house?"

"No, *saar*," replied Somu. "The house was empty."

"Not even the woman?"

"Not even the woman, *saar*."

"Where could they have gone?" wondered Jose, "Not to the police, I hope."

Somu looked shocked for a moment.

"*Saar!*" he stammered out. "You said the police will never know. If I get caught once again...."

"Fool!" shouted Jose. "You were the one who threw the papers inside 'Waterview House'. Did I ask you to do it?"

"The police were after me!" cried Somu.

"Hmm!" Jose was thoughtful, "What happens if we find the papers, and this boy's family return to find their house in shambles?

Find it out!

The name of this animal begins with the last letter of the alphabet and ends with the first. Which animal is it?

T. Balajikumara, aged 12,
Madurai - 14



They'll surely call the police... Somu! Burn the house down!"

"*Sa-ar!*" stammered Somu. "Burn the house down?"

"Yes! Didn't you hear me properly?" cried Jose angrily, "Burn the house, but only after you find the papers."

"Suppose we don't find them, *saar*?" asked the leader.

"Curses!" cried Jose, "Then I'll personally wring all your necks, you scoundrels!"

Mr. and Mrs. Viswanath, with Shyama, were huddled behind a road-side hedge.

"What we do now?" whispered Shyama. She was shivering. It was a damp, chill night. Definitely not a night for adventure.

"We go to the police," said Mr. Viswanath in a low voice. "Let this fog lift first."

The thick mist of the night had indeed become a rather dense fog. They could hardly see each other even by torch light.

They sat in the darkness, quiet at the way their lives had changed in a couple of days. Where was Suresh?

The question haunted all three. But they did not voice their fears. Huddled close, their cycles on the grass beside them, the family fitfully dozed away the night.

They were woken up by a continuous clanging sound. Shyama sat up to see a fire-engine charging past. She could

hear yells and screams too. A few men and women ran past them and rounded the bend to 'Waterview House'. The thin morning light was becoming stronger as the fog lifted.

"Something's happened!" said Mr. Viswantah tensely. "Let's go."

The three of them got up and ran down to the road, leaving the cycles behind the hedge.



As they rounded the bend, a horrible sight awaited them. *Waterview House* had been set to fire. It was now in control, but half the house had been gutted down.

The house was surrounded by a small crowd of people, some with buckets in their hands, and busy firemen.

Black soot, ash and water made a big messy pile of the ruins of the house.

Firemen were busy salvaging what they could from it.

"Hope nobody was caught in the fire," someone was saying.

"Doesn't look like it," someone replied.

"Saar!" a voice cut through the crowd, "Amma! Where were

you? The house was burnt down. I saw men set fire to it. Such a beautiful house!"

It was the milkman. The crowd turned and everybody now surrounded them.

"Thank God!"

"Where were you?"

"Where's your boy? Is he safe?"

Voices exclaimed and questioned.

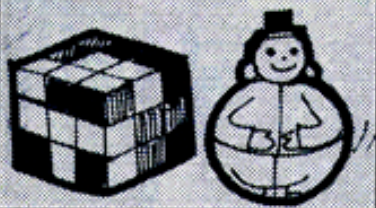
Through all the confusion, Mrs. Viswanath suddenly remembered something.

"Poor Suresh!" she murmured, shaking her head, "His camera!"

SRILATHA DHAR

**Next issue : HAS JOSE
FOUND THE PAPERS?**

TOYS SPECIAL ISSUE



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TOY

G.I. JOE

Hi! I am a G.I. Joe Commando, who now lies in a dustbin outside a building. I want to tell you my

story. A rich businessman bought me for his son.

I was new then - all smart in my uniform. I was brave too — I had the guts to fly planes and drive armoured tanks. My master was an eight-year-old boy who was very proud of me. He showed me off to all his friends.

His friends liked me a lot because my wrist-watch was made of radium. My shirt had a button, which when pressed, I could talk. I could also run, move my hands, fire a gun, and even fly a plane! Everyone loved me.

Years have passed since then. My master has grown up and lost interest in me. One day, in a fit of anger at something, he threw me out of the window. That's how, I lie here in the dustbin, beside the building.

**Gopalakrishnan S. aged 11,
Thane - 400 601.**

REEMA AND BAKASURA!

This happened when I was in the sixth standard. We had a lesson titled 'Bakasura' in English. I was very sleepy, that particular day, as I had slept late the night before. So, I was practically dozing in English class.

As I told you before, the lesson was 'Bakasura'. The teacher was saying, "Bheema brought food for Bakasura." I heard "Bheema" as "Reema".

So, I immediately got up and cried, "Yes miss!"

The teacher stopped shocked.

"What do you want, Reema?" she asked.

"You called me, miss?"

"No, I didn't!"

It took us some time to sort out the confusion. By this time, the whole class was roaring with laughter.

CLASS TALK



**Reema V. Shah, Std.
VII,
Carmel English
School,
Mangalore.**



This happened a few months ago. It was the General English period. Sister had put up a test on nouns. I loved this subject and was eager to do it. We were supposed to write it in our rough note books. But search as I did in my bag, I could not find it. So I borrowed a sheet (torn out of the centre page of a book) from Raju, a boy who sat next to me. Then I placed this sheet in another note-book. Now it did look like my rough note...

Raju was a mischievous boy. He did not know anything of nouns. He smiled at me in a most irritating way and said, "Tell me all the answers, or I'll take away that sheet of paper!"

Well, that's what I did.

After the test was over, Sister said, "Exchange your books and correct them."

I gave my book to Raju. And as I expected, he got all his answers right, and got $\frac{16}{16}$. And me? I had forgotten to answer one question and got only $\frac{15}{16}$. I was really angry with myself for telling him all the answers.

And the worst part was, Sister kept praising Raju for getting $\frac{16}{16}$. He almost became a hero! And I got teased for being a vice-captain and getting only $\frac{15}{16}$!

**Sharon Berly, aged 9,
Thiruvananthapuram - 695 001.**



TAIL Tale

It is said that long, long ago, only the king of beasts had a tail. The other animals had none, and thus led a very difficult life. Flies and other insects gave them no peace. And with no tail to chase them off, they were really miserable. Some of them even died, bitten by godflies and other poisonous

insects. The animals went to the lion for help.

So the lion prepared many kinds of tails and piled them in his court. He then went around the jungle, drumming out, "Tails of all kinds ready for use!

Come and get them! Tails for all of you!"

All the animals rushed to court to pick their tails. But the fox was the one to reach first. He picked the most beautiful one, with the permission of the lion. Then he ran out of the palace as fast as he could for he did not want anybody to snatch it away!

The squirrel came next. He too picked a really pretty tail, bushy and decorative. The horse picked a long, hairy tail. The badger took a broad, thick tail. Thus, animals streamed into the palace.

The lazy bear had heard the lion's announcement. He too ambled along to the palace. On the way, he spotted a bee-hive in the hollow of the tree.

"Yum, yum," thought the bear, rubbing his rumbling stomach, "It's mealtime!" He had just had breakfast!

He grabbed the beehive, ignoring the angrily buzzing bees, and munched as he walked along.

When he finished his snack and licked his paws, he found that his thick fur coat was all sticky and wet with fresh honey.

He decided to take a bath in the river. He washed himself thoroughly and lay down on the bank to sun himself dry. He felt drowsy and fell asleep.

When the bear woke up, it was almost evening. He walked as fast as he could to the palace. He was just in time to see the hare hop away, a little blob of fur for a tail behind him. He rushed into the palace. Not a tail was left for him.

"O lion!" whispered the bear, "Give me a tail."

"Why are you late?" asked the lion. "All the tails are over!"



The angry bear stormed out of the palace. On the way, he saw the badger. He became even more angry and jealous, when he saw his handsome tail.

"Look here badger!" he cried. "Do you really need that long a tail? Give it to me!"

The badger refused.

"Then give me at least half of it," cried the bear, pouncing on the poor badger.

There was a brief struggle. At last the badger escaped, but not before he had lost the tip of his tail to the bear.

As the badger ran off, the bear gazed at the little bit of tail in his paw.

"Well," he sighed, "Something is better than nothing."

And he stuck the little stub of a tail to his backside.

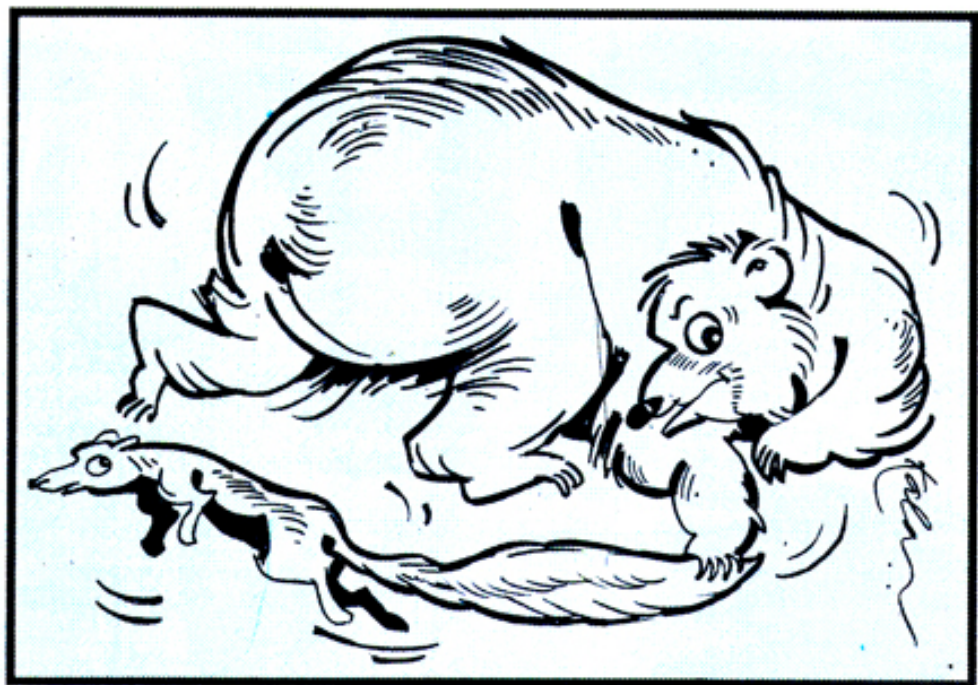
The escaping badger was panic-stricken. "What if the bear attacks me," he thought, "and tries to grab my tail again?"

The fox saw him flee and asked, "Hey badger! Why are you running as if the devil were after you?"

"Not the devil!" said the badger panting, "The bear."

When the fox heard the tale, he was frightened too. What if the bear tried to grab his beautiful tail?

He looked around. The badger was busy burrowing his way into the ground.





"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I am making my home where the bear'll never get me," the badger replied.

So the fox too, began to make an underground burrow.

That's why, even today, these two animals live in burrows and holes; and the poor bear wanders around with his sorry little tail. Here ends the tail, sorry tale!

KOLAR KRISHNA IYER

CARELESSNESS

I once participated in a 'Pariksha Utsav' (exam festival). Exams were conducted there on different subjects, through experiments, games etc. It was very interesting and it lasted for two days.

Twenty days before the commencement of the Utsav, all participants were asked to prepare a chart showing the position of stars, moon etc. We had to watch the sky from 7.30 p.m. to 8 p.m. and from 9.30 p.m. to 10 p.m.

I watched the sky for twenty days and prepared a chart.

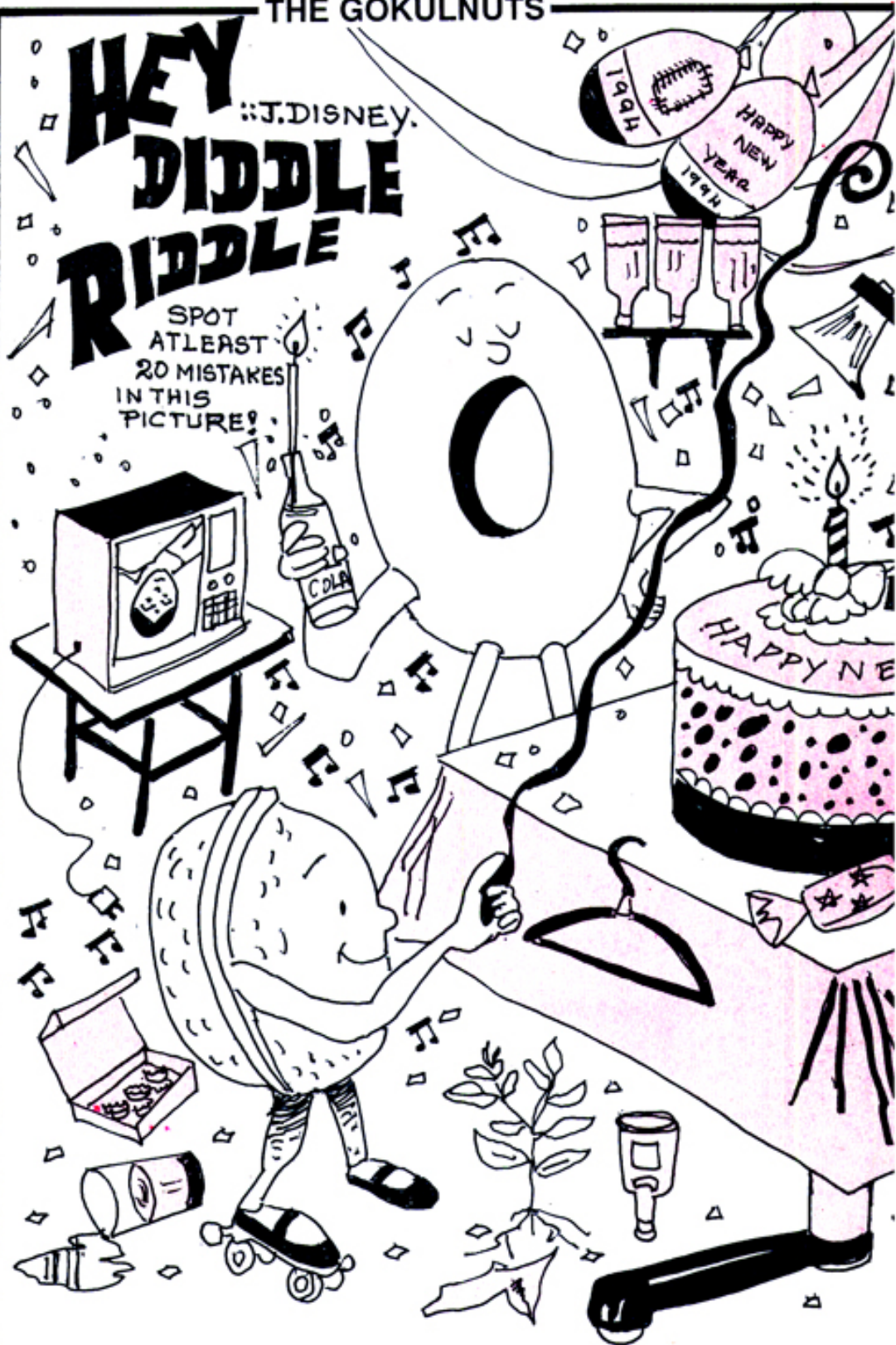
To reach the Utsav centre, I had to start from my house at 8.30 a.m. Since I had tuition class for mathematics till 8 a.m., I had to eat my breakfast and get ready within half an hour. In that hurry, I forgot to take my chart to the Utsav Centre. When I reached there, I came to know that the chart carried twenty marks.

I was very much disappointed. The next evening, the first five prizes were announced. The girl who got the first prize had 84 points and the one who got the fifth prize had 79½ points. I had 79 points! I was utterly disappointed. There is no Utsav for college students and I cannot participate in it the next year, since I am in the tenth standard now. That intensified my disappointment. But this incident taught me a lesson not to be careless. If I have to go anywhere, I check all things to be taken, twice or thrice over.

P.A. Rugmini, Calicut.

HEY DIDDLE RIDDLE

SPOT
AT LEAST
20 MISTAKES
IN THIS
PICTURE!





TURN
TO PAGE
80 FOR
THE
ANSWERS→

THE STORY OF THE SUN

The sun is a hot ball of fire. It is nothing but a star. There are big stars, and small ones. The sun is only a medium star.

How the Sun came to be

The sun has evolved from clouds of gas in space. It takes over thousands of million years just for a star to form. So, our sun, like any other star was formed by clouds of hydrogen gas that had gathered together by the force of gravity. Our sun was formed 5,000 million years ago. Scientists think that the sun would probably live for another 5,000 million years! How's that for a long life!

The clouds of hydrogen grow hotter and hotter, and nuclear reactions begin at the centre. The hydrogen is slowly changed to helium. That's how a star begins to shine.

The sun is made up of gases only. It has no solids and liquids in it. It is about 93 million miles away from the earth, and its diameter is 1,390,000 kilometres. It's mass is 3,33,400 times more than that of the earth.

Will the Sun die?

Scientists predict that the sun will collapse when all its hydrogen has been converted to helium. Then all the nuclear reaction will stop. Then another round of reaction begins. All the helium will be converted to carbon. The sun will then become bigger and bigger, swallowing the planets close to it, one by one. At last, when no further reactions can take place, the sun





will collapse. And that will be the end of our solar system.

Sunspots

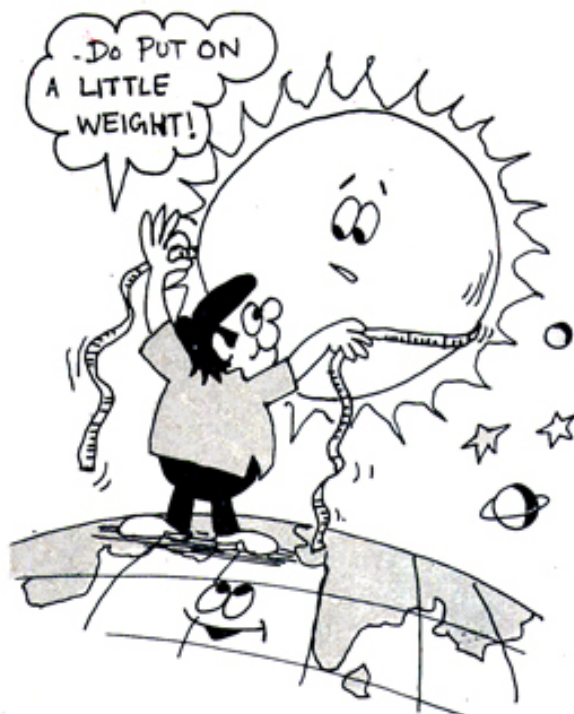
Galileo was the first man to observe sunspots in 1610. He did so with the help of his telescope. Seen through the telescope, they look like black holes on the sun's shining surface.

Sunspots appear in groups. A single sunspot can be twice the diameter of the earth.

Solar Flares

Sometimes, you may just see bright coloured light

SUNNY SIDEUP!



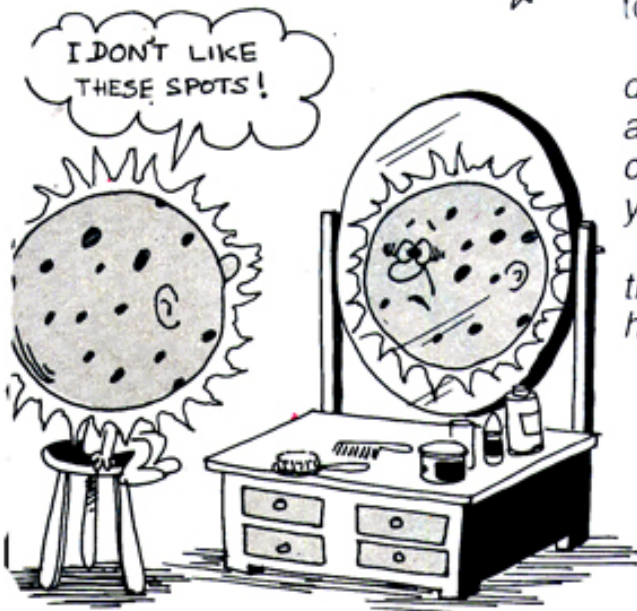
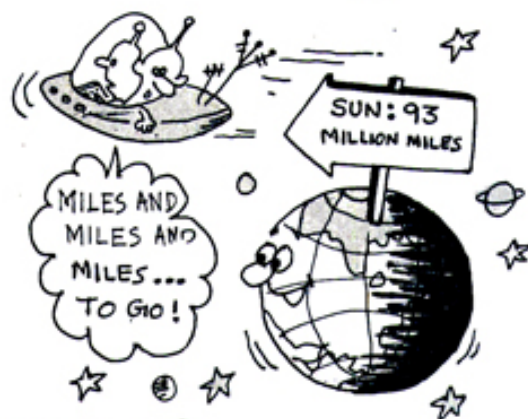
in the sky at night. When this happens in the northern hemisphere, we call it *aurora borealis*. And in the southern hemisphere, such a phenomenon is called the *aurora australis*. Both together are called the *aurora polairs*.

Some *aurorae* last for months, while others die out in 8-10 days.

On June 4th 1946, immediately after sunrise, a massive solar flare leapt up from the surface of the sun, to a height of 4,000 kms.

The sun's light and heat are necessary for all life on earth. This heat and light is nothing but the energy produced from the sun's nuclear reaction.

The sun is good for us, but we must be careful of it too.

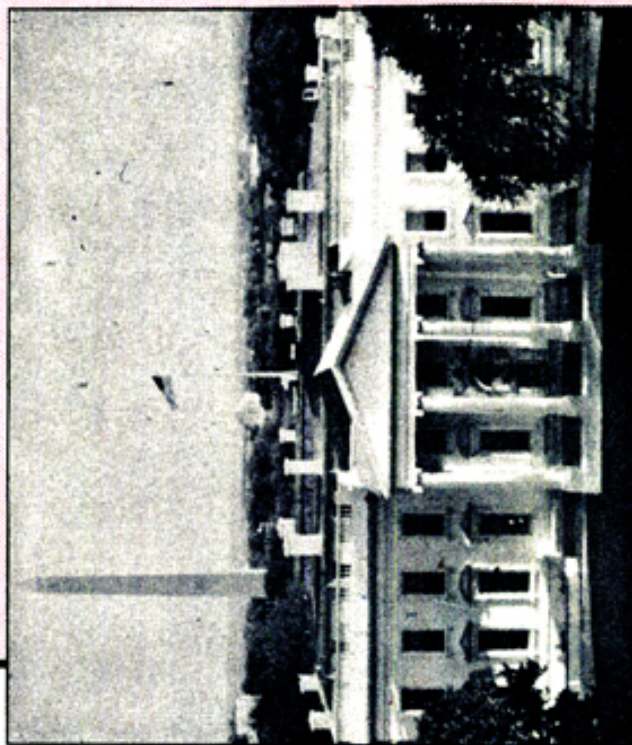


1. Never look at the sun directly. The light and heat are so powerful that they can permanently damage your eyes.

2. Looking at the sun through a telescope can be harmful too.

Compiled by
H.S. Harsha, aged 11,
Davangere - 577 004.

WHITE HOUSE SEARCH!



Solution on page 80

PUZZLE

The names of ten American presidents are hidden in this grid. How quickly can you spot them?

W	A	S	H	I	N	G	T	O	N	W	S	P	N	C	C	N	I	L	M	A	H	A	R	B	A	R
I	X	Z	A	N	T	E	B	R	O	A	W	A	S	N	B	I	L	L	C	L	I	N	T	O	N	E
L	E	G	L	S	O	R	D	B	R	V	E	L	T	E	V	E	S	O	L	O	R	A	N	E		
S	I	S	E	N	C	E	B	B	K	K	N	O	S	C	V	S	O	S	O	R	A	N	E			
O	N	T	E	N	S	R	O	E	E	K	R	I	Q	E	N											
N	T	T	R	M	D	J	I	H	C	A																

A. Archana, aged 13, Bangalore - 560 050.



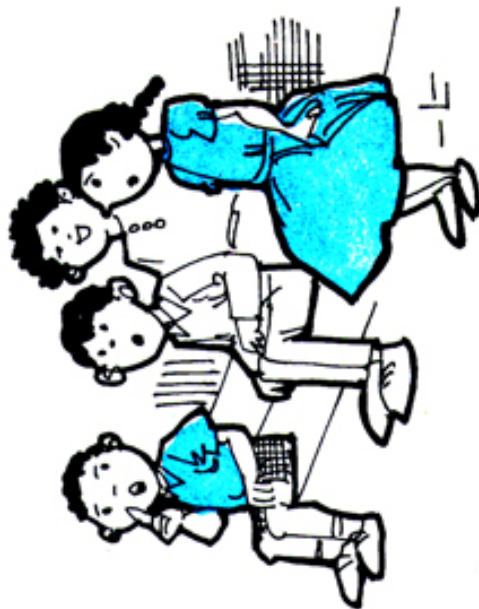
Does this page look very familiar? "Hey!" you might exclaim, "This looks like a question paper!" But don't let that discourage you!

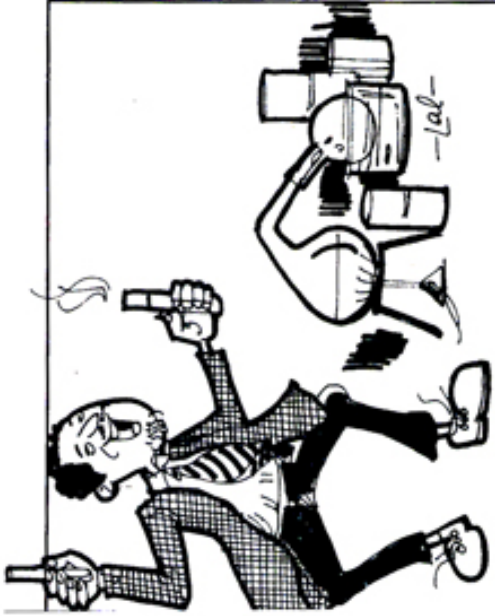
Choose the correct answer from the choices given below. Let's see how well you know your science.

1. The micro-organisms invisible to our naked eye are observed with the help of a
 - a) Telescope
 - b) Microscope
 - c) Periscope
 - d) Binoculars
2. The size of micro-organisms is measured in the unit called

SCIENCE

- a) Angstrom
 - b) Millimetre
 - c) Centimetre
 - d) Micron
3. The disease, smallpox, is caused by
 - a) The anger of God
 - b) Protozoa
 - c) Bacteria
 - d) Virus
 4. Which scientist is credited with the accidental discovery of the antibiotic, Penicillin, in 1928?
 - a) Alexander Fleming
 - b) Louis Pasteur
 - c) Waksman
 - d) Robert Koch
 5. The study of fungi is called
 - a) Virology
 - b) Phycology
 - c) Mycology
 - d) Bacteriology
 6. The micro-organism involved in the transformation of grape juice to wine is
 - a) Slime mould
 - b) Yeast
 - c) Algae
 - d) Mycoplasma
7. Milk is sterilized, (made free from microbes) by a process called
 - a) Radiation
 - b) Pasteurization
 - c) Evaporation
 - d) Osmosis
 8. Which group of fungi are used as human food and is rich in nutrients?





a) Mushrooms b) Toadstools c) Bread moulds d) Jelly Fungi

9. The biogas (Gobar gas) is produced from cowdung by the action of

a) Insects b) Methanogenic bacteria c) Cyanobacteria d) Algae

10. On which part of the plant are more microbes present?

a) Flower b) Fruit c) Root d) Stem

N. RAMANATHAN

ANSWERS : 1 - b, 2 - q, 3 - d, 4 - q, 5 - a, 6 - a, 7 - q, 8 - q, 9 - c, 10 - a

POETRY

LIGHT

Light, light, light,
It is very bright.
It lights up the night,
Its colour is white.



We can study in the night,
With the help of the light.
Be it day or night,
We can't live without light.

Shikha Sharma,
aged 11,
Bombay - 400 029.



O-N-E or T-W-O?

The bell rang, and break was over. Miss Samson, our history teacher arrived.

"Open to page 96," she said. It was a lesson in Civics, about 'India's Literacy Programme.'

Miss Samson cleared her throat and said, "I'll tell you an interesting experience which I had in Kerala, years ago."

And she began her narrative.

Two years ago, my younger sister and I had gone to Kerala. We arrived at the railway station in Trivandrum, and we booked a rickshaw to take us home. In those days, rickshaw fare used to be just a rupee or two.

As our destination approached, I asked my sister in English, "How much do we pay him?"

"O-N-E," my sister spelt out the numeral, so that the rickshaw

puller wouldn't understand.

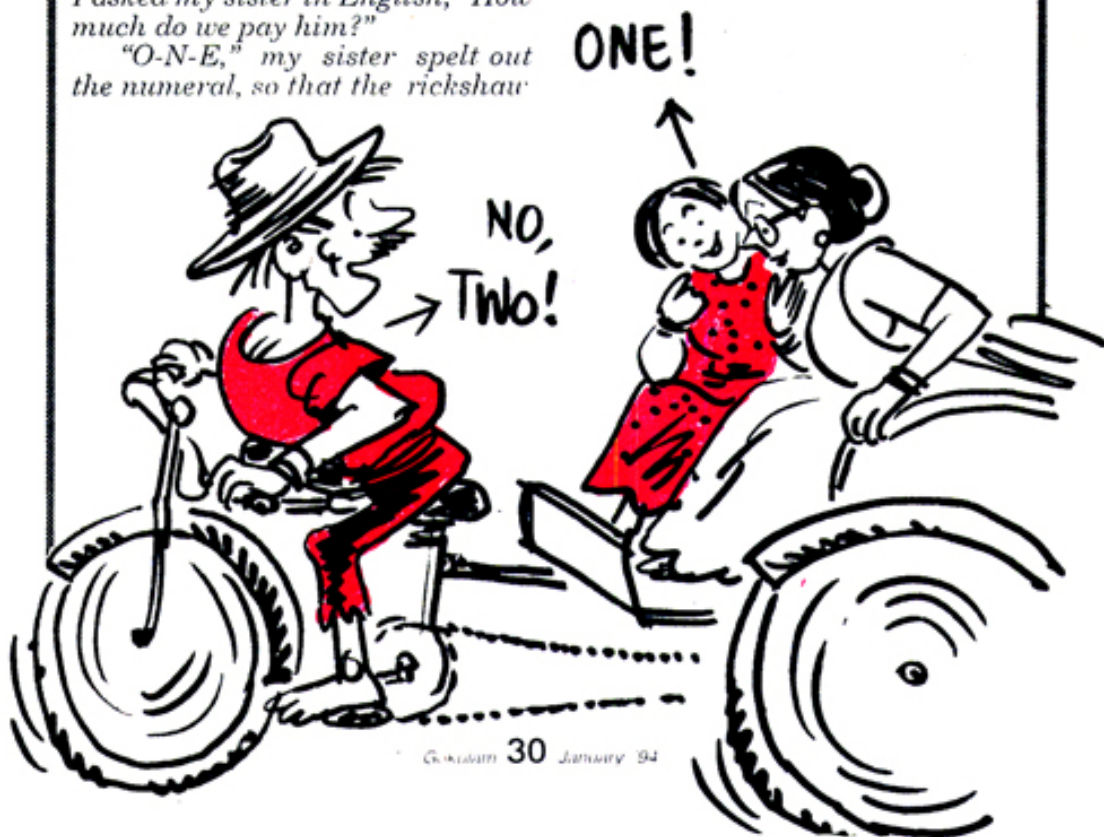
The man stopped pedalling and turned towards us.

"I want T-W-O, madam!" he said, spelling the word 'TWO'.

We got down from the rickshaw, embarrassed. We were in Kerela, where the adult literacy programme was in full swing. We underestimated the poor rickshaw puller!

"I remember this whenever I visit my native place," Miss Samson concluded. "And Kerela is now a fully literate state. How nice it would be if India could become 100% literate too!"

Syeda Nickhath, aged 14,
Bangalore - 560 045.



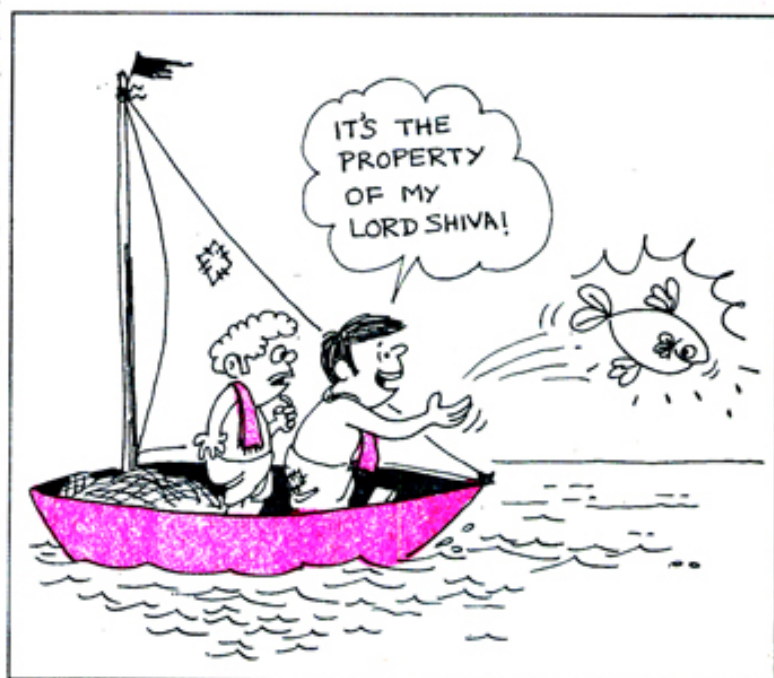
Do not be misled by this title and think I am talking about a cricket match. This is the story of an ardent devotee of Lord Shiva called Adhipatha Nayanar. He is one of the 63 Nayanmars of Tamilnadu.

Nagapatnam in Tamilnadu was a bustling trading town in those ancient days. Nulaipadi was a suburb where the fishermen lived. One among these simple fisherfolk was a great devotee of Lord Shiva. He was a simple man. He knew no *mantras*, nor did he visit the temple.

Everyday, as soon as he dragged in his first netful of fish, he would throw the biggest fish back into the sea. This was his offering to the Lord. He would then sell the rest and use that money to run his family. This continued for many years.

Adipatha, for that was this strange devotee's name, saw nothing strange in his action.

A GOLDEN CATCH



But his companions did.

"What a waste of such a fine fish!" they would grumble each day. "Why do you waste it each day? Present it to the chief. He'll reward you handsomely."

But Adipatha would not listen.

Then one day, Adipatha managed to snare only one fish. He threw it back into the sea. The same thing happened the next day. And the next. His family suffered. But Adipatha continued his offering.

A week later, Adipatha caught a golden fish. It shimmered as he held it in his hands. It's body was studded in a wonderful design with nine varieties of precious stones!

"Don't throw it back in, Adipatha," begged his companions.

But the fisherman threw the offering to his Lord as usual.

Suddenly, the sky was lit up with a flash of light, and there was Lord Shiva and Parvathi, seated on their faithful Nandi. An overjoyed Adipatha bowed his head in devotion.

Thus, he came to be known as 'Adibhaktha', and was called Adhipatha Nayanar. He is worshipped among the 63 Nayanmar saints of Tamilnadu today.

**S. Vidya Praveena, aged 12,
Madras - 600 053.**

POETRY

THE DAY I WAS LATE TO SCHOOL



"Wake up Preetha, wake up!"
My mother shouted.
I saw the clock
It was seven o' clock!

"Boom, boom!" I rushed
into the bathroom.
But tripped over a broom.
I took my bath very fast,
And came out to eat breakfast.

I rushed out of my house,
But my mistake stamped
over a mouse.
I started off on my bike,
With a bag, which I like.

It was a sunny day,
I thought of the fine I should pay.
At last I found myself late at school,
And wished the teacher would be cool.

Preetha Narayan, aged 11, Madras - 600 004.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

It happened to me in 1988. I lived in Bangalore then. My parents and I often visited my grandparents in Kerala. My grandma has lots of properties in Palghat, all over-grown with trees, bushes, weeds, etc. All sorts of birds, wild animals and snakes are a common sight there.

One day, my parents and uncle, with grandma, were watching me play in the huge courtyard of the Palghat house.

Suddenly, my uncle got up, grabbed me, and



DANCING ON KALIA

carried me away.

"Look where Hitu was standing!" he pointed. All the heads turned. Exactly on the spot where I had stood, was a baby cobra! They were all alarmed. But to their great relief, they realized that I had been wearing canvas shoes!

At the age of two then, I had hardly been aware of the snake by my feet.

When my parents tell me of this incident now, I am chilled with fear. For I am afraid of even a dead COCKROACH!

**Hita Unnikrishnan, aged 7,
Poona - 44.**

In a world...



...of their own!





STORIES FROM OUR READERS

"Hey, hey, hey, what a beautiful day! "We're getting *Star T. V.* today!" I chanted, as I ran down to breakfast. Well, it

wasn't exactly poetry, and would never be prescribed in a school syllabus, but face it, can you make up anything better on the spur of the moment?



At last, at long last, a miracle had happened! I had been asking for a *Star T. V.* con-

Lal-

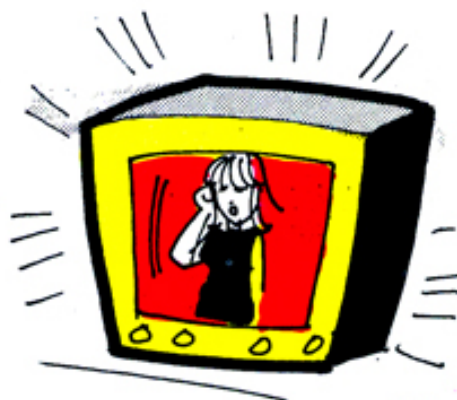
nection for a long time. After lengthy debates, My elder sister Preethi and I, had won our case after lengthy debates with our parents (topic — The advantages and disadvantages of *Star T. V.*) and so we decided to try it out. There were no less than three false alarms, when we thought the connection

"Don't be daft!" I bawled. "Let's see *Prime Sports!*"

"I hear there's a good movie on cable," said Mummy.

"We will all see *B. B. C.*," said daddy authoritatively!

The T. V. was now on *STAR PLUS*. Suddenly, a thought struck the four of us simultaneously. All four of us reached for the remote control! Fortunately, the 'dish guys' most



would come that very day, but this time, the 'dish guy' had sworn faithfully that today would be the D-day!

It was a Sunday. We waited in eager anticipation. Finally, everything was ready. The two men who had come, checked everything, did some tuning, and then left. We sat down to have a leisurely, relaxing time, sitting goggle-eyed in front of the idiot box. Relaxing indeed!

"I want to see *MTV!*" squealed Preethi.

STAR STRUCK!

kindly put an end to this argument, that would have soon turned into a live *W.W.F.*, and the T. V. went on the blink!

The next day the programmes were back. Slowly, we got hooked onto *Star T. V.* Preethi permed her hair (what a monstrosity she looked) like her favourite soap idol. According to my friend, it looked as though she had



passed her hair through a paper shredder. But would she listen to me? No! Oh well, what can one expect from an elder sister with an I.Q. of about thirty! Mummy was a regular watcher of the cable movies. I alternated

between *Prime Sports* and *Star Plus*. And even Daddy surreptitiously watched, from behind a massive news-paper.

Here are some examples of our conversation from then onwards:

"Those creeps."

"Who?"

"Who else — the 'dish guys'."

"What did they do now?"

"The beastly puritans made me miss *Santa Barbara!*"

Or : "What do you mean, let's go out now? I'll miss *'In the picture'*! Then how will I know what Kamal Siddu is wearing today?"

Even at school, conversation no longer centred around the atrocities of the female



A teacher called for sentences using the word 'beans'.

"My father grows beans," said the bright boy of the class.

"My mother cooks beans," said another pupil.

Then a third popped up: "We are all human beans!"

A. Suresh Bhabha,
aged 15,
Bombay - 400 094.



equivalents of Hitler (our teachers, if you hadn't guessed yet). Instead, there were heated discussions on yesterday's soap. About who killed who, who married who, and who was involved in a fatal accident!

Of course, there were the usual complaints: "My kid brother is too much! After

gossip session on the phone with her friend.

"There's nothing to do!" moaned Mummy, and promptly went next door, to borrow a knitting pattern, and hear the latest news.

"There's nothing to do," complained daddy, and then went next door with "The Business Times", to have a nice long talk about stocks and shares, and bulls and bears.

"There's nothing to do," sighed I. I lay on my tummy, on bed, ate popcorn, and enjoyed my Perry Mason!



watching W.W.F. he tried to practice the things on me!"

Then, horror of horrors, it happened! The neighbours came over to inform us that the 'dish guys' had absconded with our money!

"There's nothing to do!" moaned Preethi, and then disappeared to have a long

Finally we came up with a plan. Everytime we wanted to see a certain programme, we would visit some neighbour or the other, who had taken a connection from a different 'dish guy'. This continued until the neighbours, verily sick and tired of seeing our faces, and dropping hints in vain, clubbed together, and, in what we consider a most noble gesture, presented us with a *Star T. V.* connection! *Star T. V.* was back, fights, problems and all!

**Maya Chandrasekaran,
Bangalore - 560 018.**

The emperor of Japan was very fond of eating fish. One day, the fish had just been delivered to the palace kitchens, and the serving maid was cleaning them. She saw one little fish, still alive, flip-flopping about the basket with great energy.

Feeling sorry for the little creature, she thought, "The emperor will never miss this little one."

She put him in a glass bowl and kept him in her room. Days

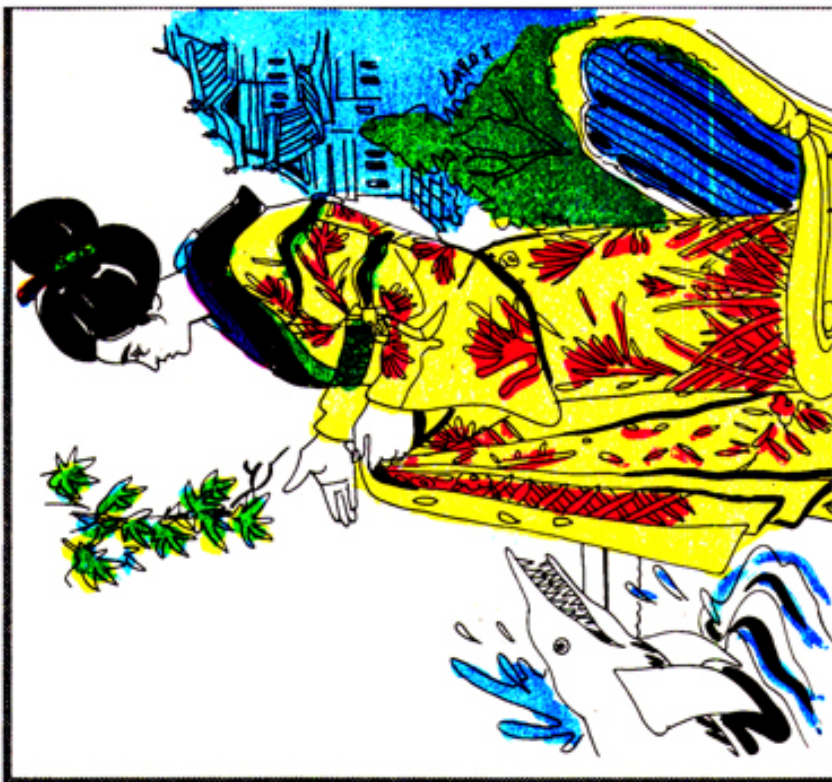
passed. The fish grew bigger and bigger. The poor serving maid had to keep putting him into a larger and larger bowl each day. The fish grew so huge that it would hardly fit into the largest drum in the kitchen.

The empress came to know of the strange fish. She ordered a huge pool to be built that would hold the fish.

The fish continued to grow till it became a huge, ugly creature. The empress visited it everyday. It seemed to her, that the fish had an unhappy look in its eyes.

"Are you unhappy, poor fish?" she asked.

To her amazement, the fish replied, "I am sad, O empress. Here I am, huge, lonely and bored.



THE Fish Prince

I want to get married. Find me a young woman who won't mind keeping me company."

The doubtful empress agreed. She sent her heralds all over the land with a message, "Rich rewards await the young woman who will marry the huge fish in her palace pool."

But no young lady came forward.

In a far corner of the land, lived a wicked step-mother. She was delighted when she heard the heralds.

"I'll send Karin to marry the fish," she decided, rubbing her hands in glee.

Karin was her good-natured and beautiful step-daughter.

"Karin!" cried her step-mother. "You must go to the palace and marry this poor, lonely fish. Now go to the river and wash your clothes! You must be ready for your journey, shouldn't you?"

A poor, weeping Karin went to the river. As she was washing the clothes, a frog hopped on a stone and said, "What is the matter?"

When Karin told him, he laughed and said, "Is that all? That fish is actually a prince under a spell.

Here, take these three pebbles. When you're sitting alone by the pool, toss one of them into its



TOYS SPECIAL
ISSUE

mouth and see what happens."

When Karin reached the palace, she was duly married to the fish. She was given jewels, beautiful clothes, and a little palace close to the pond where the fish lived.

One evening, Karin sat near the pool, the three pebbles in her closed fist.

The fish rose to the surface, its huge mouth opening and

closing. With trembling hands, Karin threw the first pebble. It struck the fish on the head, and fell into the water.

The fish gave her an annoyed glance and sank. Some minutes later, it was back to the surface.

Once again, Karin threw a pebble. Again, she missed her target.

Now, only one pebble was left. Trembling with fear she threw it. It fell into the open mouth of the fish.

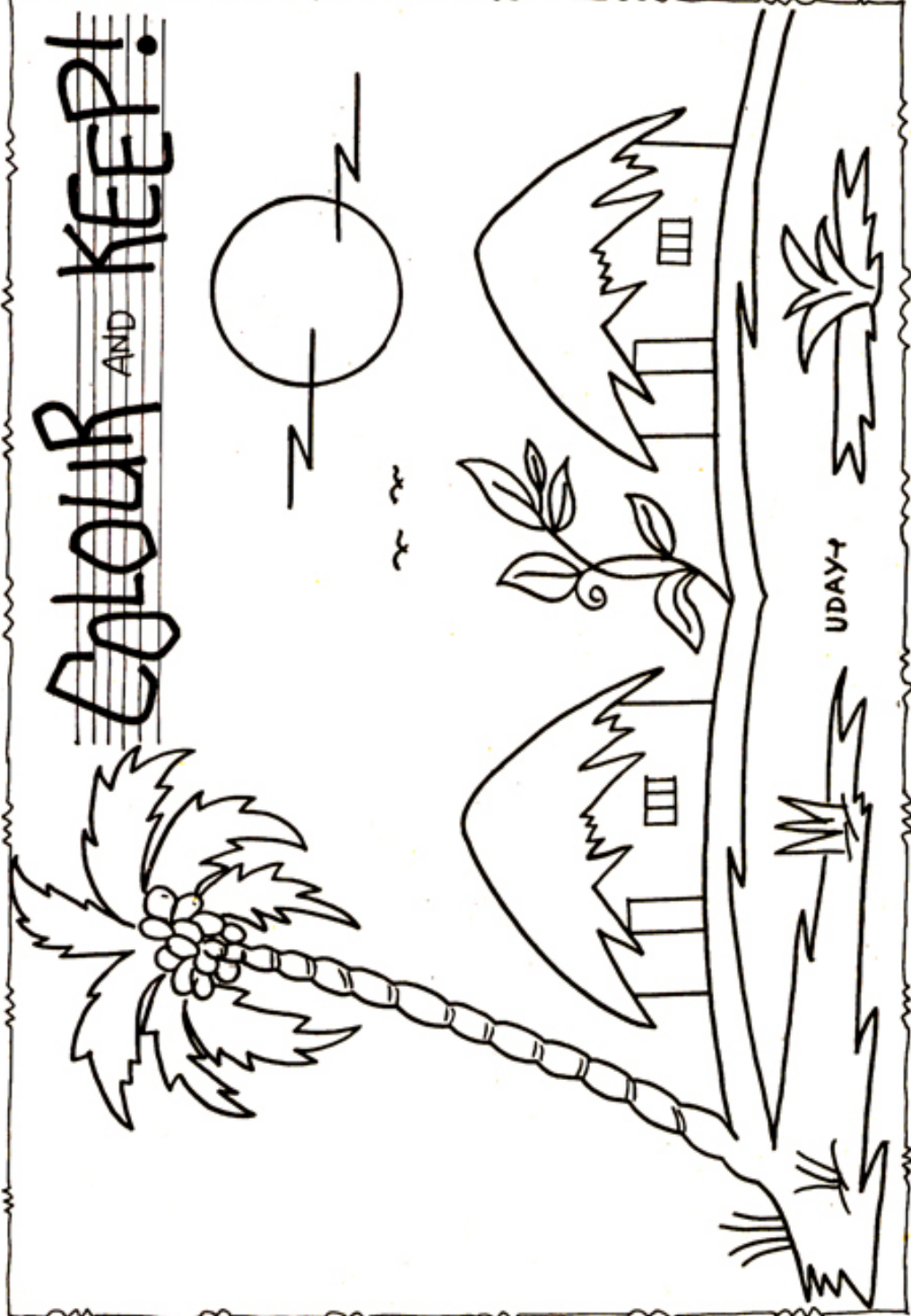
There was a great clap of thunder, and a dashing young prince stood before Karin.

The prince and Karin lived happily ever after. And as for the wicked step-mother, she was simply furious!

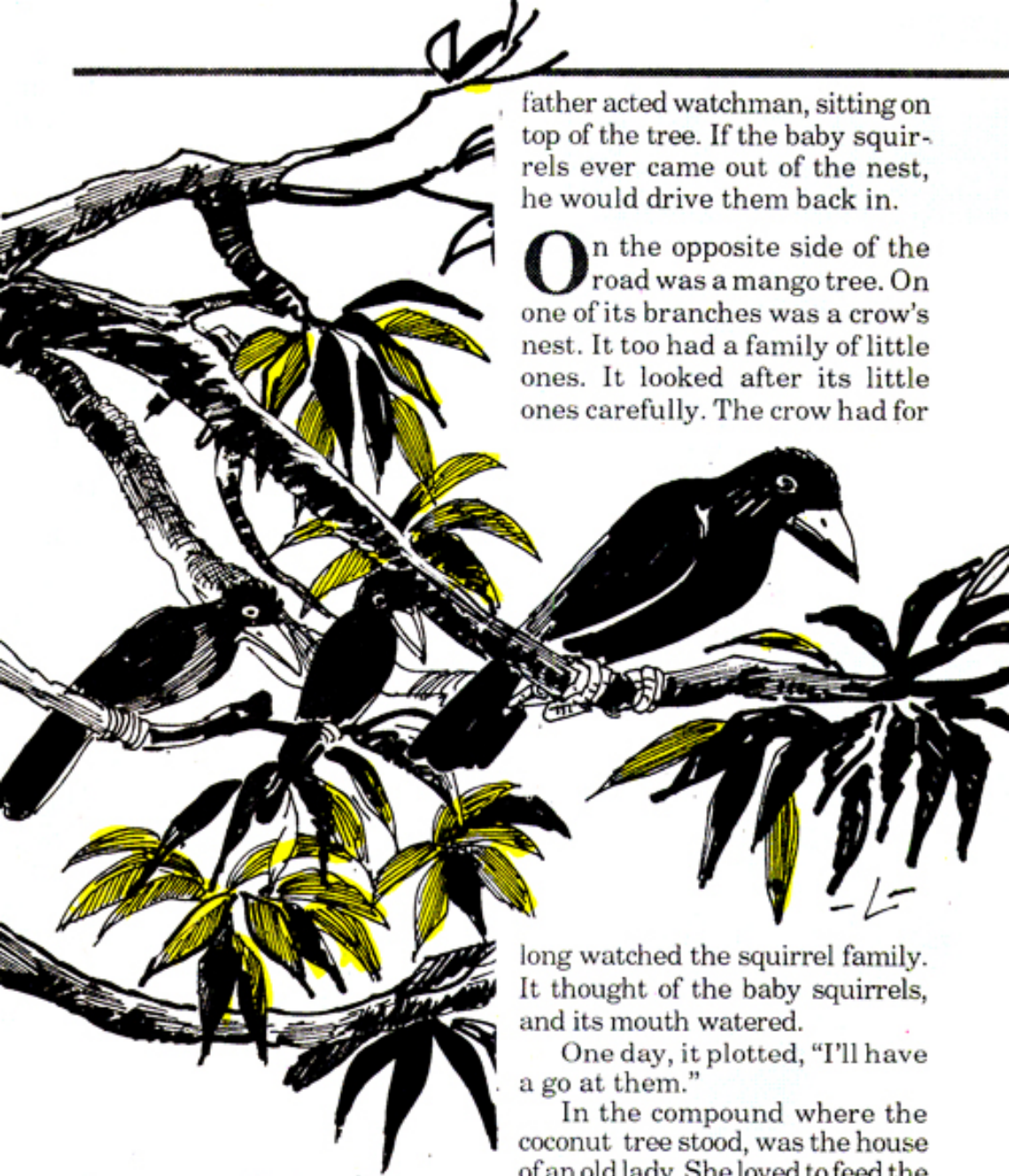
**Yamini Narayanan,
Madras - 600 018.**



COLOUR AND KEEP!



UDAY



father acted watchman, sitting on top of the tree. If the baby squirrels ever came out of the nest, he would drive them back in.

On the opposite side of the road was a mango tree. On one of its branches was a crow's nest. It too had a family of little ones. It looked after its little ones carefully. The crow had for

long watched the squirrel family. It thought of the baby squirrels, and its mouth watered.

One day, it plotted, "I'll have a go at them."

In the compound where the coconut tree stood, was the house of an old lady. She loved to feed the squirrels. Days passed, the baby squirrels began to scurry up and down the tree too. The delighted old lady fed them with nuts, grapes and other delicious things.

One late morning, the old lady sat waiting for the baby squirrels as usual. But the

Perched in a little nest on a coconut palm, was a squirrel family. There were a father, mother, and two tiny ones, a few days old. The mother squirrel scurried up and down the tree, collecting nuts and grain for the little ones. The

two did not appear at all. That's because the parent squirrels, having some premonition of danger, kept herding them into the nest.

But the little squirrels could not contain themselves, when they spotted the old lady scattering nuts and seeds. They somehow eluded their parents and scampered down the tree. Once down, the two little ones

An hour later, there was silence all round. The crows were back into their nests, satisfied by the meal. The squirrels were not to be seen at all.

The old lady wept at the fate of the two innocent squirrels.

"The squirrels will make a nest elsewhere," she comforted herself, "They've learnt a lesson and will be more careful in future."

Sure enough, a month later, there was a little squirrel family in a coconut tree, a few doors away. The baby squirrels lived to become adults, and set up families on their own!

GIRIJA
KARTHIKEYAN

began to munch and scrunch as fast as they could.

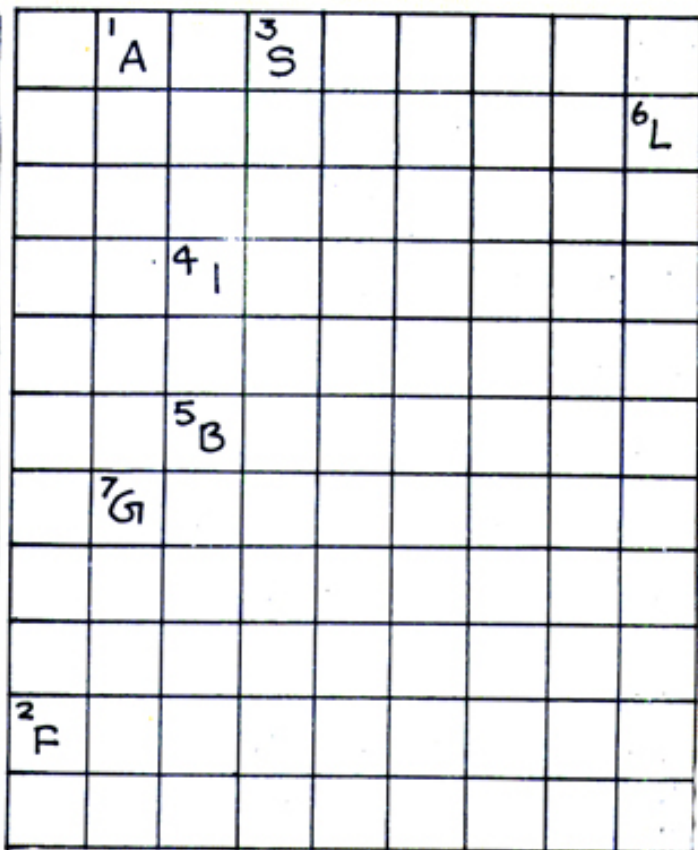
The crows sitting on the mango tree with their little ones, saw this. They swooped down, pecked a squealing baby squirrel each in their beaks, and flew away. Panic stricken, the parent squirrels began to screech at the top of their voices. The old lady sat shocked and helpless in the midst of all this racket.



Learn to
Live...

EUROPEAN PUZZLE

Use the clues to find the names of the European countries in this grid.



Clues :

1. Famous for crystals
2. Famous for perfumes
3. Famous for watches
4. Famous for sphagetti
5. Famous for mirrors

6. Small country forming part of BENELUX countries

7. Boris Becker's home country

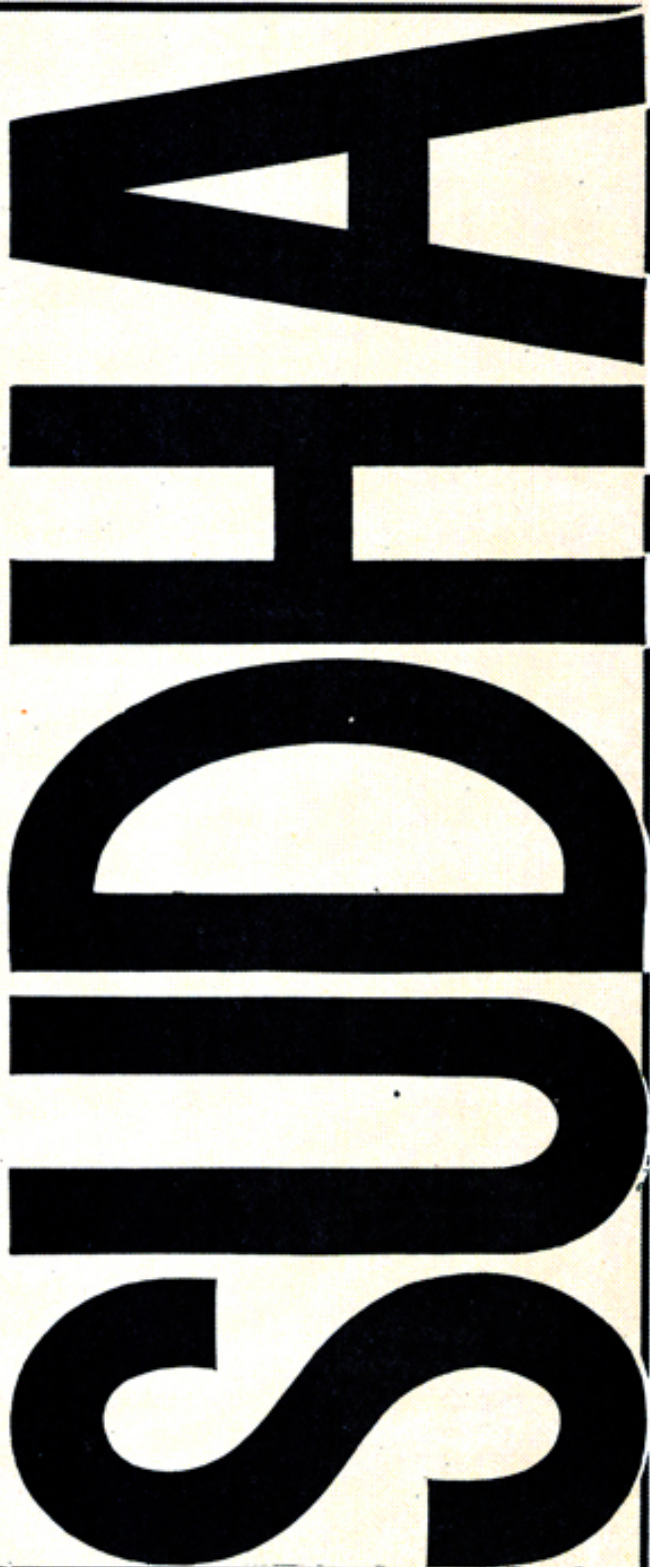
Ashwin Raghu,
Coimbatore - 641 001.

Answers on page 80

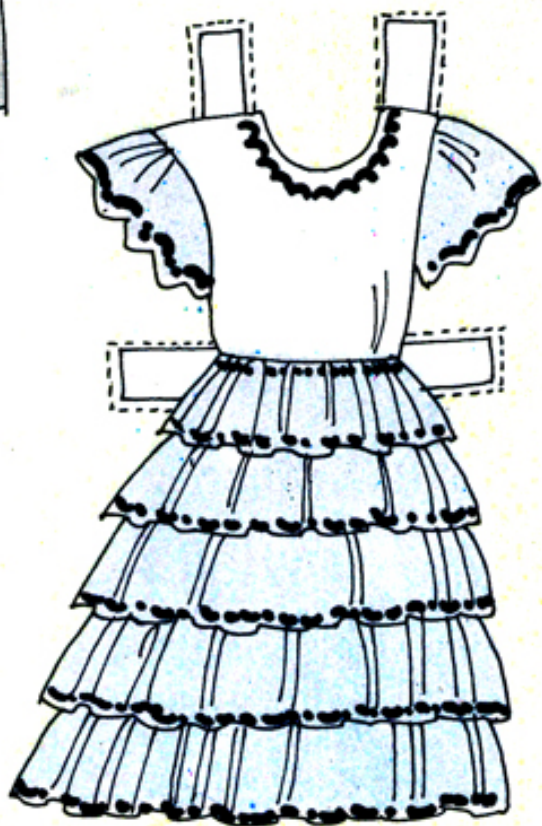
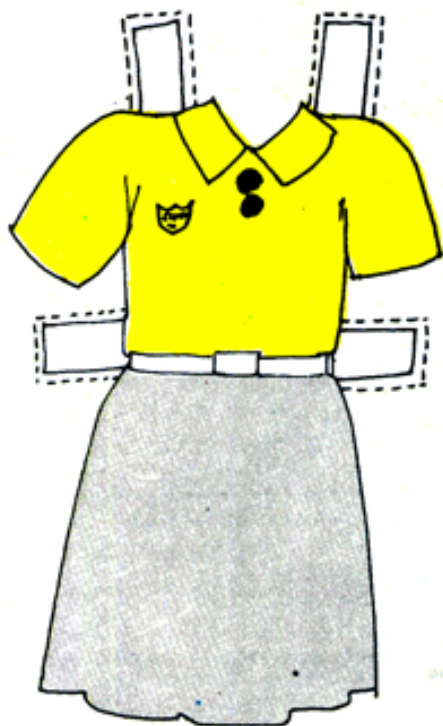
Turn to the next page and meet Sudha. Your very own cut-out doll.

Carefully pull the pages out and paste neatly on a sheet of cardboard. Now carefully cut Sudha, her dress, uniform, shoes and slippers out. Do not cut away the top projecting flaps with the dotted lines around them.

How to dress Sudha : All you have to do is neatly fold the flaps on the tops and sides of Sudha's dresses and shoes. Place the dresses on the doll, and fold the flaps back, so that they hold on firmly.

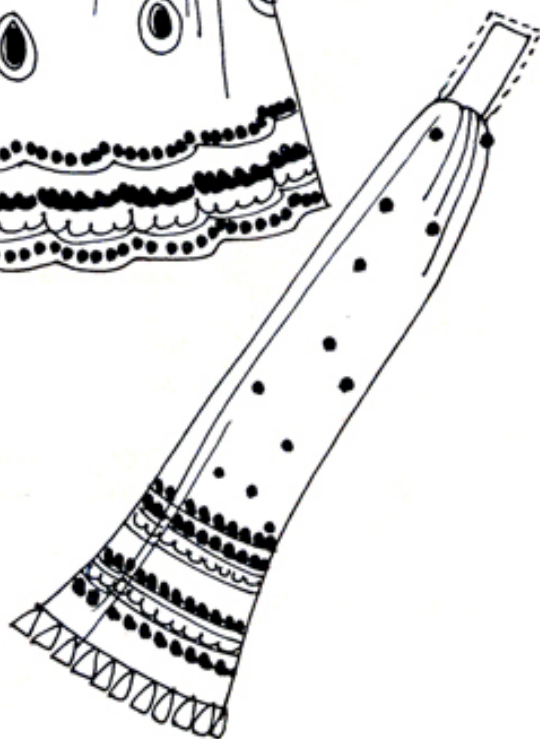
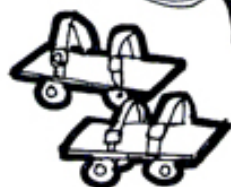
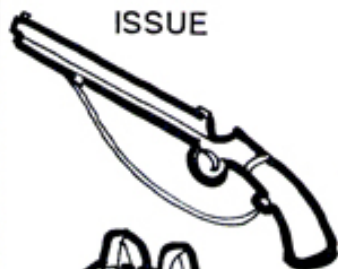






On the
opposite page,
is a dressy ghagra
with duppatta and
bangles.

Cut the page
carefully with scissors
and paste it
on a sheet of cardboard
Using colour pencils,
colour the ghagra
in bright, lovely shades.
Cut out the dress carefully
along the edges.
Now all Sudha needs
is an invitation
to a party!





Sailing

AROUND!

My father is a chief engineer on a foreign vessel sailing abroad. Last summer, he called my mother from Singapore and asked us all (my mother, my baby sister and myself) to join him for a holiday on his ship. I was really excited. Since the ship on which my father sailed plied mainly between ports in Indonesia, we were to fly to Jakarta - the capital city of the chain of islands in south-east Asia, that we call Indonesia. We were to fly there *via* Singapore - the *Gateway of the Orient*.

I was excited as I boarded the Singapore Airlines flight on a lovely Monday night in April. I had butterflies in my stomach as the plane took off and landed. But the airhostesses were very

kind and hospitable, and my nervousness soon wore off.

We landed at the Singapore Changi Airport - one of the busiest in the world,* at 6.30 am. It was exciting to get onto the escalators and the moving corridors of the huge airport.

I feasted my eyes on an array of well-lit, inviting duty-free shops. There was a shop exclusively for chocolates, one for toys, for perfumes, one for clocks and wrist watches... We began clicking our cameras as we hurried towards the gate to board the flight to Jakarta.

It was a sunny evening in Jakarta as the Garuda jolted along the broad runway. I could pick out the words - SUKARNO HATTA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - from a well-lit board. As we went out after collecting our baggage, we

* It handles nearly 200 landings and take offs connecting 110 countries of the world.

saw our father waving out to us from beyond the glass enclosure.

It was a pleasant drive to the harbour. We saw a huge ocean liner with its name in bold letters along its side - SETCO GAJAMADA. That was the ship that was going to be my home for the next few months.

We walked up the gangway. We went all the way to the third floor, and entered a spacious cabin. It belonged to my dad. It was like a small flat - it had a dayroom, a bedroom, a pantry, and a luxurious bathroom with a huge bathtub. There was a lovely deck around it too. It was an ideal setting for a pleasant and happy holiday.

Floating on the blue waters of the Java Sea, that spread out like a blue carpet under you, to look up and see the blue sky stretch to infinity on one side, and to look at the lush green mountain foliage of the islands; is wonder-

ful, after a life in the concrete jungles.

Many of my friends don't believe me if I tell them that I lived on a ship for two months.

"How do you manage to walk, eat, sleep and do your daily routine on a floating ship?" - they ask me.

Ship life is really interesting. It is a wonderful way of spending your holidays. I would read for some time, then take a



stroll around the ship. I would chat with my dad and ask him about some of his adventures on board. It was real fun!

I would visit the engine room sometimes, to see my dad at work. It is really exciting to see the gigantic machines and hear their deafening sound.

I also visited the ship's bridge from time to time. This is where the ship's steering is.

It is great to watch the sunlight in the morning, and gaze around you on moonlit nights from the deck.

Apart from sailing, whenever we docked at ports, we went sight-seeing and shopping. Jakarta, Surabaya (Java), the Bali Islands, and so on. I learned a few words in their language — *Bahasa Indonesia*. Many of the words are from Sanskrit and Tamil, since some Indian dynasty ruled Indonesia a few centuries ago. I visited some Buddhist and Chinese temples too.



We had many meals in interesting restaurants too. Ice-cream floating in tender coconut water, served in neatly polished green coconut shells is a speciality there. My father got me these ice-creams whenever we went out. I loved to eat pizzas from *Pizza Hut* most of the time we ate out. I loved their vegetable pizza, with its topping of pineapple, olive and capicum.

It was past a month since I began living on the ship. My father told us that our ship was to sail to Singapore and dock there for a couple of weeks. He had planned to sign off with us there. We were to stay at Singapore for a few weeks before our return to Madras.

Singapore, the sunny tropical island, the *Gateway to the Orient*, is a real paradise on earth. The first day, we visited '*Sentosa*', an island created mainly for children as a fun spot.

It took us the whole of the second day to go around the Singapore Zoological Gardens. It was great fun to watch the golden lion, the kangaroo, the tall giraffes, and other animals in their natural surroundings - no cages here.

From animals, we moved on to birds. We visited the *Jurong*

Bird Park next. We had 'Breakfast with the Birds'. I really learnt a lot about rare species.

Singapore as you all know, is a shopper's paradise. All the shopping centres in Singapore are full of wonderful things - toys, attractive musical dolls, pretty dresses, good shoes, and above all, delicious chocolates! I had great fun dropping 6 cents into the vending machine, and picking up the can of coke that drops down.

As I sat in the Changi Airport waiting for my flight back to Madras, lovely memories of my trip lingered in my mind.



It was an unforgettable experience.

**Chaarulatha Mani, aged 12,
Madras - 600 041.**



Q : Which table is without legs?

A : Time Table!

Q : Which key acts silly?

A : Monkey!

**R. Anoop, aged 12,
Bangalore - 560 016.**



POSITIVE STROKES

A strong self esteem is more natural to us than a weak self esteem. Then why do some of us have a weak self esteem? This could be because we are put down by others. *When our feelings are not considered:*

"I don't care what you think."

Thoughts are belittled:

"What a lousy idea!"

Abilities are criticised:

"You can never do anything properly."

So we really think we are good for nothing and have a weak self esteem. But we should not let this happen to us. Let us see how we can strengthen our SELF ESTEEM!

We can do this at any time of our lives. Whether we are children, teenagers, parents or even grandpas and grandmas,

we can strengthen our self esteem. It's never too late!

Strengthening self-esteem

by :

Giving ✓ positive strokes generously :

✓ Appreciation in the form of words — COMPLIMENTS

✓ Facial expression — A SMILE or

✓ Gestures — A PAT!

These are termed as POSITIVE STROKES.

'Positive strokes' help in strengthening the self esteem of the receiver as well the giver. Giving positive strokes is a healthy exercise, which calls for recognition of worth in other people. When we treat others with dignity, respect and love, our own self-esteem gets a big boost!

Paresh (we read about his low self-esteem in the previous issue) is now trying to strengthen his self-esteem. As a first step, he tries to recollect all the pleasant things that happened to him over the previous week -

"Chotu gave up his cricket match pass for me."

"Mummy made my favourite dishes thrice this week."

"Got a nice letter from cousin in Bombay."

"Science teacher showed my record book, to everyone as an example."

"Got an applause for my Hindi recitation."

These thoughts make Paresh feel good about himself.

☐ Accepting positive strokes with grace :

Paresh goes on to think how he had reacted to those situations. He realizes now, that he had not clearly indicated his appreciation. He decides to do so in future.

Next morning, Chotu is surprised by the friendly hug Paresh gives him, when he lent him a pen.

Accept positive strokes with grace as Paresh did. Most of the time we feel shy to receive positive strokes.

After Priya's dance performance, her uncle compli-



mented her. Priya replied, "Oh, you're simply teasing me. I hope the chief guest liked the performance." Instead she could have said, "Thank you, Ramu mama, for the encouragement."

✓ By avoiding 'plastic' strokes :

Compliments that are exaggerated or not genuine are

'plastic' strokes. Like counterfeit money, which has no market value, 'false' compliments can do nothing to improve the self esteem of the giver or receiver. When a person gives plastic strokes, it may be accepted for a while. But soon the receiver realizes it's 'falseness' and feels uncomfortable. The giver also loses credibility.

Sometimes, 'plastic' strokes are used to get something done by the receiver.

"Balu is a good boy. He always does whatever I ask him to do.... Come on Balu, go to that corner shop and get me a note book," says Balu's sister, Rama.

☐ Talking to someone sympathetic :

Sometimes, even people with a strong self-esteem, experience periods of self doubt. Like the day Naresh was preparing for his Maths exam. Though he was well prepared, he felt anxious. His mother listened to his worries and reminded him of his good performance in previous exams.

"You have been preparing well for the exam", she said.

Even though, Naresh knew this himself, he now felt reassured.

When we feel worried and everything seems lost, it helps

to talk to a supportive listener. It may be a parent, a sister, an uncle, or even a neighbour who is close to you.

Talking to supportive people gives us a chance to receive positive strokes. These positive strokes remind us of our past triumphs and potential for future achievements, thereby strengthening our self esteem.

☐ Reject 'careless' negative strokes :

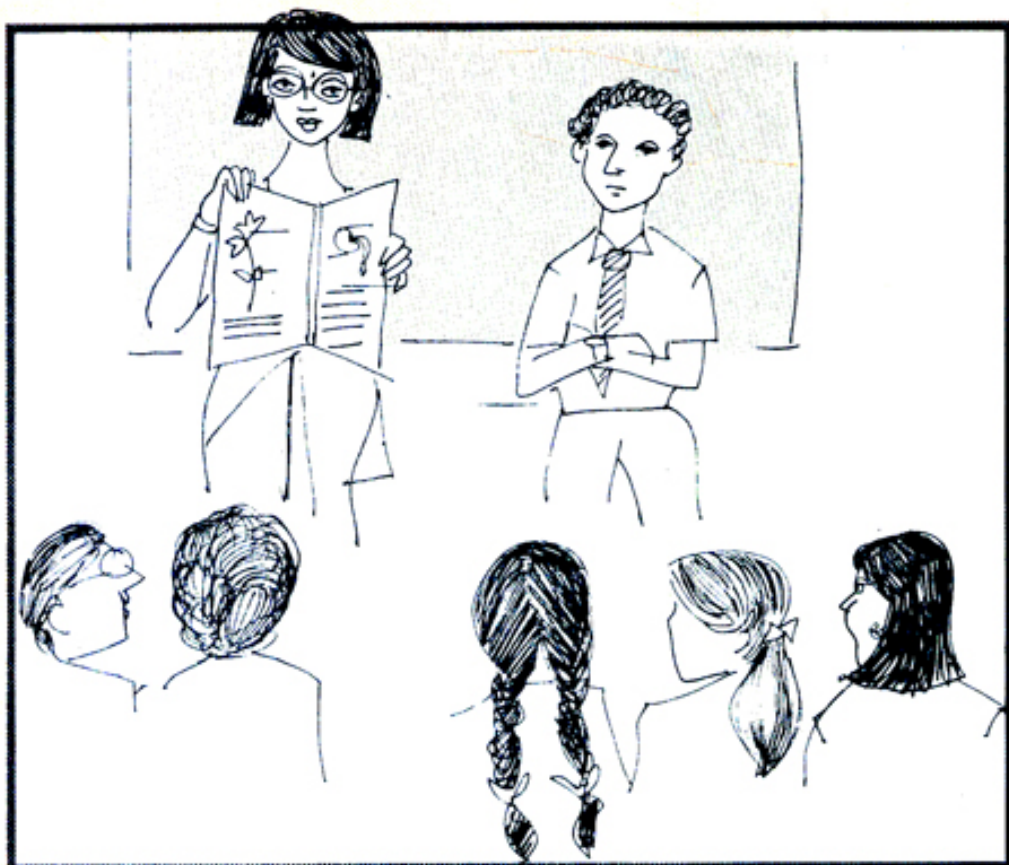
I use the word 'careless' because these statements are generalised and negative in approach. These may be totally false, but can cause havoc to your self-esteem.

Salim felt a little tired that day. So when his father asked him to go get something from the shop, he said, "Please send someone else wappa, I am feeling tired."

His father replied angrily, "You are a good-for-nothing fellow! You always like to laze around!"

Now Salim knew he was not like that at all. In fact, he always liked to help out in the family business, inspite of his busy schedule, what with school, computer classes and tuitions.

But he was still full of self-pity, and thought, "How can wappa say that?" I try hard to



make him happy, but I only get yelled at!"

You have the right to reject negative strokes. That is, you should ignore them, and retain only the positive ones.

Salim's father often praises him for his hard work and efficiency. Then why should Salim forget all the positive strokes and retain the negative ones?

To sum up, for a strong self-esteem, try to follow these ideas —

- Compliment people directly and clearly. Experience that warm feeling within.

- Shun flattery.

- Receive genuine compliments with confidence and grace.

- Ignore negative strokes, stay balanced, secure and comfortable.

Develop and nurture a strong self-esteem.

Enjoy life. Be a better you

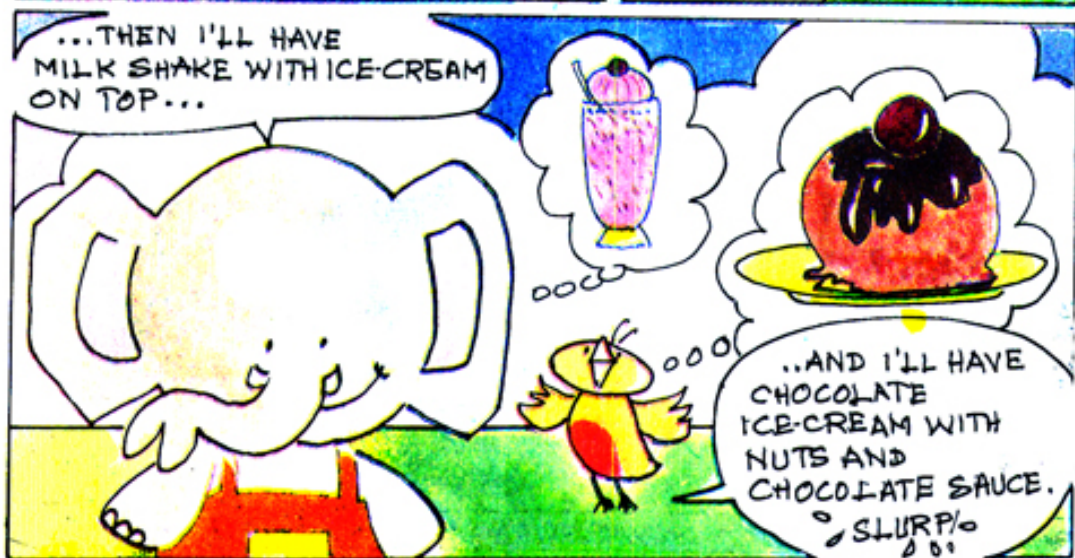
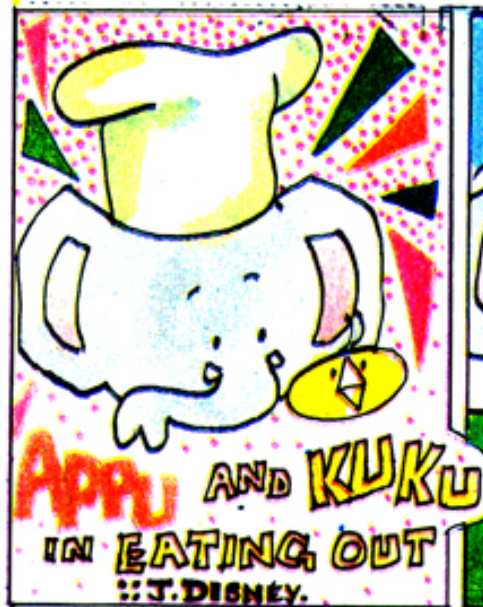


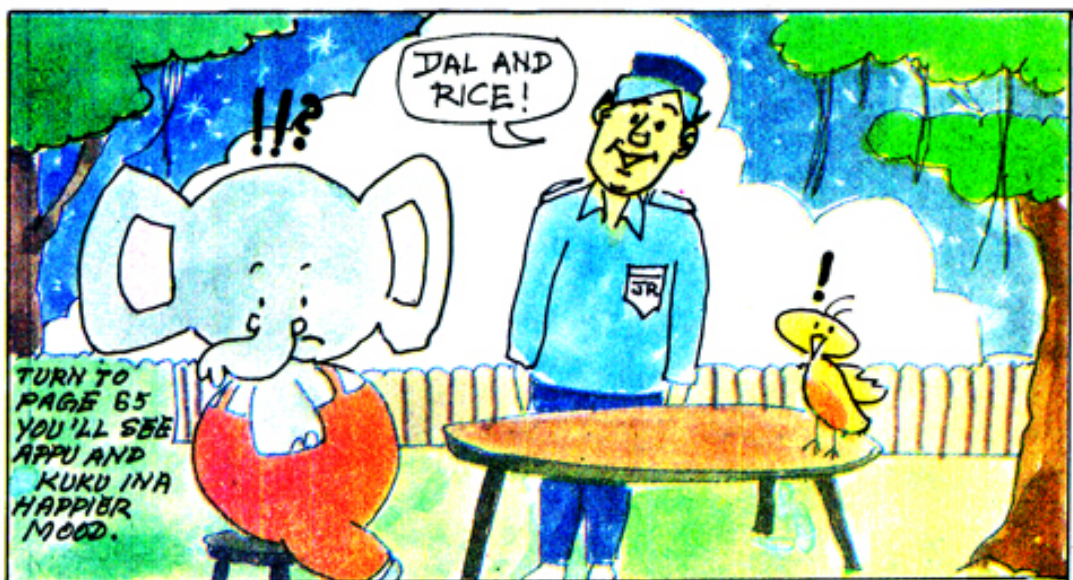
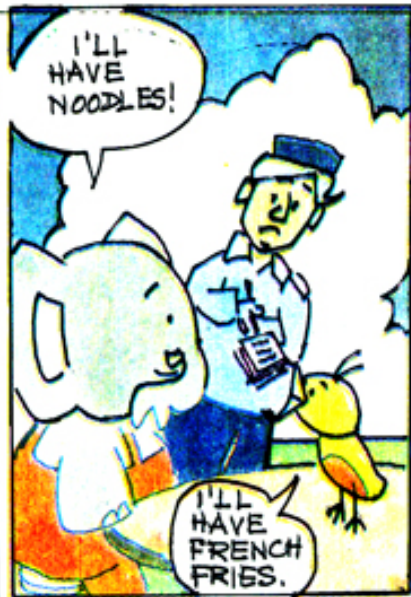
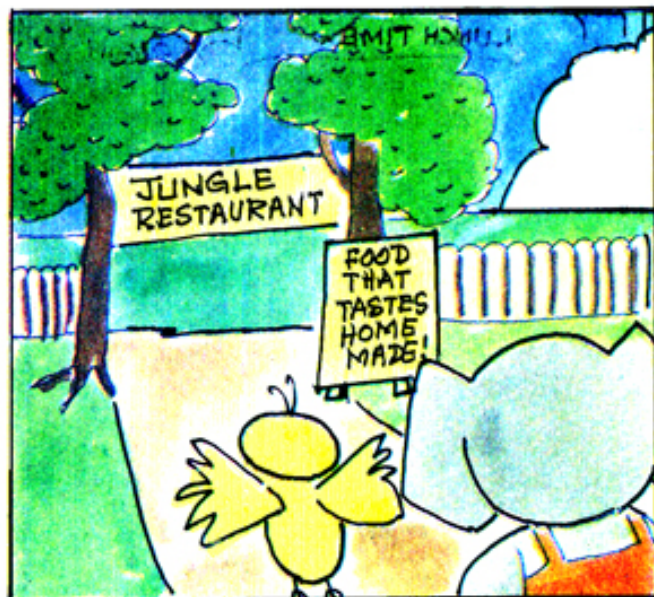
(Adapted from the T.T. Ranganathan Clinical Research Foundations' - *Better You* book series)

RANGASHREE

*Dear Gokulam Readers,
We hope you have enjoyed and benefited from our **Better You** series. If you have any queries on how to make yourself a Better You, you may write to us. We are starting a new column to try answer all your questions.*

- Editor





BASED ON A SCRIPT SENT BY BHAVANA, AGE-11, NEWDELHI.

THE MOCKING BIRD

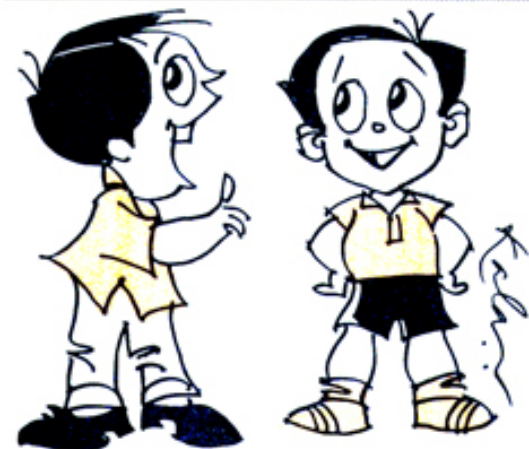
The Mocking Bird is a native of Dixie (U.S.A.) But in recent years, he has travelled a



bit into new territory like New England, Canada, Texas, California and Mexico.

He is a dull grey bird the size of a robin, with yellow-orange eyes, and a long, sharp beak. There are patches of white on his wings that are visible only during flight. He is always active.

The mocking bird spends almost all his time singing — except when he's feeding. Naturalists wonder whether he is actually a mimic, or he really has the ability to sing. That is because, this remarkable bird can mimic the songs of 40 dif-



Rohith : My father is always scared to cross a road.

Venkat : How do you know that?

Rohith : He always catches hold of my hand before we cross!

ferent birds. He has a very musical voice, and can sing a great variety of songs.

Early in spring, the mocking bird selects his territory and begins to sing. This will bring him his mate. The two birds then build a loose nest in the middle of a tree. The female bird lays turquoise blue



coloured eggs with brown flecks on them. As she incubates them, the male bird pours down sweet music on them.



It is during this time that the mocking bird sings all day and night. His song tells the female bird if there is danger lurking!

The chicks are very quick to learn to fly. They get regular singing lessons from their father. They sing to communicate hunger too!

The chicks lead a tree life till they master the arts of flying and singing.

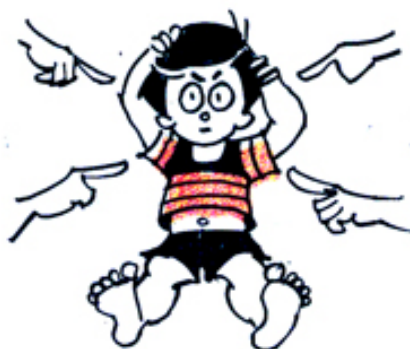
GEETHA VISWANATHAN

PUZZLE

The first of first is the first of you
The last of zero is double in you
The first of the last is the last of you
Now please, tell me who are you?

**B.L. Rohith, aged 13,
Bangalore - 560 010.**

Answer : FOOL



INK INCIDENT!

This happened when I was six years old. I was playing with an ink bottle. Suddenly, some drops fell on my sister's brand new churidhar that was kept nearby. I began to tremble. For I knew that if she came to know of it, I would be in real trouble!

Just then the door-bell rang. I heard someone open the door, and I heard my sister's voice respond.

Frightened, I darted into our cupboard and shut the door. I heard a 'click!' The cupboard door had locked!

Sometime later, I began to feel uncomfortable. I tried the latch, but it seemed stuck. I was in tears, as I screamed myself hoarse.

Nobody seemed to have heard me. I yelled as loud-

ly as I could, angry that my efforts were in vain.

Suddenly, the door opened, and I looked up to see my mother's face. I leapt out into her arms, and hugged her tight.

"Sorry mummy!" I cried, "I spoilt sister's churidhar!"

Later in the evening, I heard my mother describe the incident to my father: "When I opened the cupboard door, there she was! When I saw her face, I was reminded of an angry monkey, it's face red with anger, crouching in a corner of its cage."

How's that!?!

Richa Sawant,
Bombay - 400 037.



Connect the dots



and then colour

This happened to my cousin when he was eight or nine years old. Virup (short for Virupakshi), was staying with his sister and mama*, at Bhadravathi. He was



THE BUS CONDUCTOR

studying in the V standard.

One day, he was walking to school, when a car came to a halt beside him. Two men got down and said, "We are your

mama's friends. We'll drop you at school."

"But," protested Virup, "I haven't seen you before..."

Before he could complete his



Natasha : How long is it to my birthday?

Mother : Not very long dear!

Natasha : Well, is it time for me to begin to be a good girl?

**A. Suresh Bhabha, aged 15,
Bombay - 400 094.**

* Uncle

sentence, he was dragged into the car, and they sped off. Virup tried to yell, but the men tied a cloth to his mouth.

It was afternoon. They reached Harihar, a town nearby. The men stopped at a hotel to have lunch. Leaving Virup alone in the car, the two men went in.

Virup knew how to open and close a car door. That was because my grandfather was a District Commissioner, and owned a car. So he tried the door, and it opened! He ran as fast as he could.

A bus roared down the road. Luckily for him, was one that went through Bhadravathi. Virup hailed it and got in. But he did not have enough money to buy a ticket. He explained his situation to the conductor. The kind-hearted man took pity on him and bought him a ticket.

Virup safely reached home at eight o'clock. His worried

sister and mama were waiting anxiously for him.

My granny loves telling us this story again and again.

**TOYS SPECIAL
ISSUE**



Now, it is past twenty years since this incident occurred. Virup, now Mr. Virupakshi still remembers the kindness of the bus conductor, without whose help, he'd have never reached home safe.

He too, now works as a conductor with the KSRTC.

**Roopa,
Raichur - 584 101.**

Ramu : Though my pocket is empty, I have something in it!

Somu : What's it?

Ramu : A hole!

**S. Bharathprasad,
aged 12,
Kolar.**



We have many ways and means of sending messages from one place to another. The most common one is the letter, which we drop into the post box! The letter is transported by buses,

trains and aeroplanes. And in today's modern electronic world, telephones, telex, fax, and telegrams are very common.

How easily we hear news through the television or radio! Just suppose these electronic based means of communication fail during times of disaster and calamity? How do you send messages then? The pigeon, of course!

The pigeon has, through the ages, been the carrier of messages. They were there before aeroplanes flew, trains



rattled by or cars motored. They were very important, particularly, since travel was mostly by foot, and took a long time.

In ancient times, emperors had their own ways of sending messages. Supposing a

war was won, it would be conveyed to the people by setting up huge fires on hilltops. Or drums were beaten at different parts of the kingdom. But what were they to do if they had to send a secret message? After many experiments, the pigeon was trained for this purpose.

History will show that Emperor Ashoka had an established pigeon-mail system to pass official messages daily. Ancient Greece used the same method to convey the results of the Olympic games to the people.

The first pigeon-mail service for the public was started by Narudhin Khaleef, a sultan of Baghdad. He set up post-offices and employed postmasters!

Trained pigeons play a vital role in times of war. There are many interesting and unbelievable stories of such pigeons.

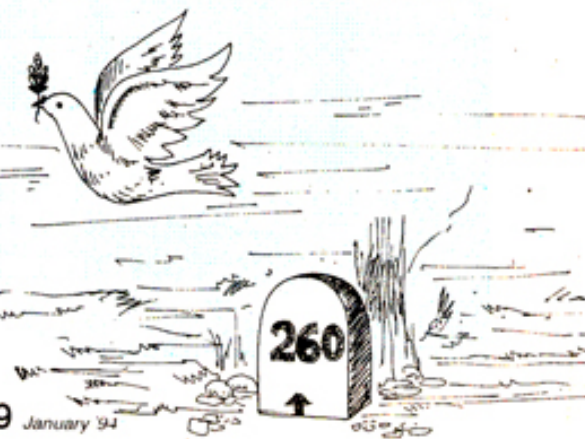
During World War I, a pigeon named Cherami brought a message to the American Army Headquarters. It said that a number of American soldiers had been imprisoned by a German regiment. Fresh reinforcements were sent and the prisoners were rescued.

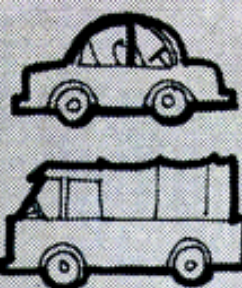


Pigeons are now being rewarded for their remarkable services. This system first began in England. The Distinguished Pigeon Medal was first awarded to a pigeon called 'Wiking'.

Trained pigeons have created records too. In 1942, an army plane fell into the sea after having been attacked by enemy jets. All the crew lost their lives, except for a pigeon. It flew towards the defence centre immediately.

When the pigeon reached the centre, the army personnel

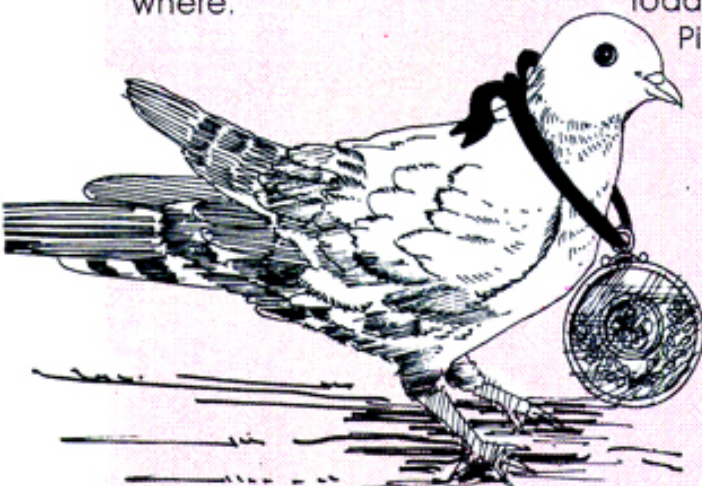




TOYS SPECIAL ISSUE!

knew that something had gone wrong. By calculating the speed of the pigeon's

flight and the condition of its body, they were able to guess what had happened and where.



In 1945, a pigeon named 'Orway' crossed 260 miles to deliver a message. It took

just 4 hours and 25 minutes! This pigeon was later awarded the Victoria Cross for its services.

In India, pigeons form a vital part of our village system. In times of flood, cyclone and earthquake, all forms of communication break down. Urgent messages for help are then sent through carrier pigeons. The system is still in use today.

Pigeons also deliver special messages of peace, greetings and congratulation to heads of state and eminent persons.

Pigeons are now kept as pets too. There are 'Flying Competitions' arranged for them to participate in! This is popular, particularly in Belgium and Taiwan.

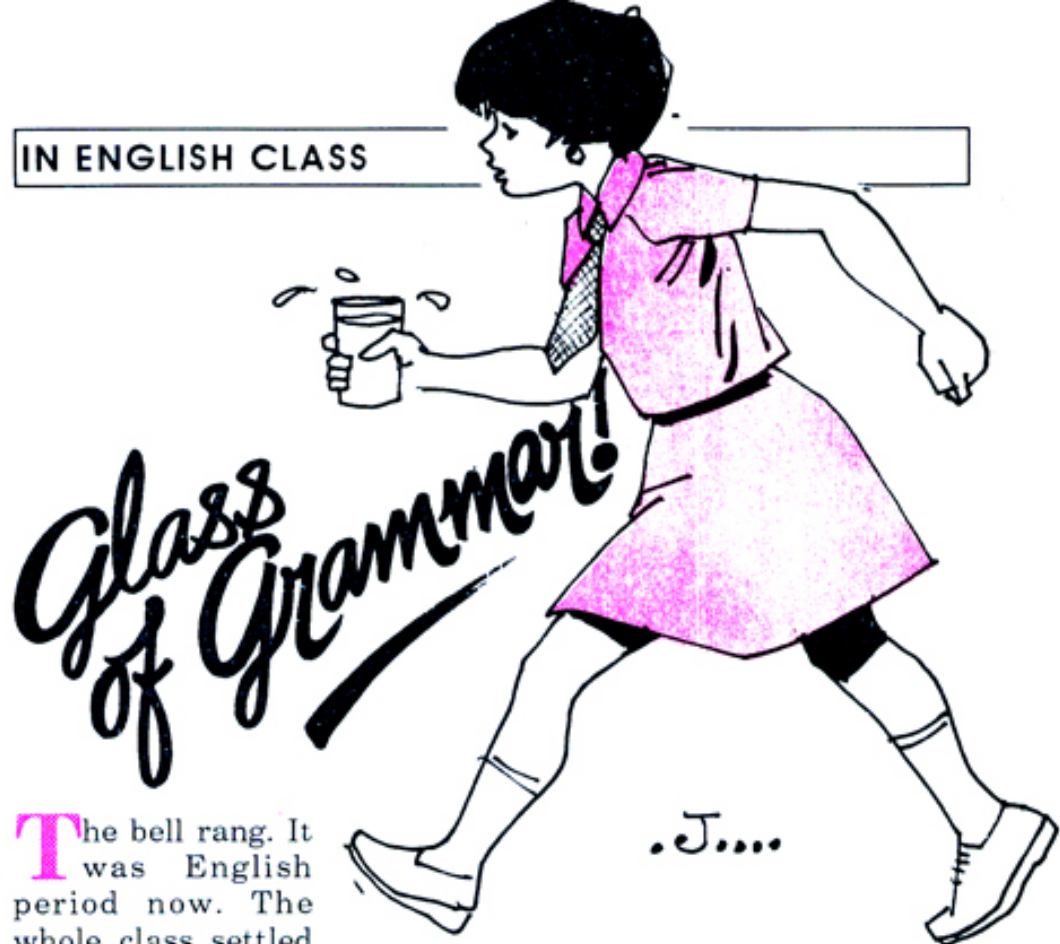
Nilambar Rath.



Arun : Did you catch all these fish yourself?

Anil : Oh, no! I had a worm to help me!

**R. Balu,
Coimbatore - 45.**



The bell rang. It was English period now. The whole class settled down as the teacher entered. There was pin-drop silence. The teacher chatted with us for sometime, in the middle of which she casually said, "I am not feeling too good."

After some time, she began class as usual. The teacher was telling us how to change direct speech into reported speech. She paused for a moment, glanced at the water-cooler outside and said, "Bring me a glass of water." She then went towards the blackboard to write the sentence down.

The girl in front of me jumped up and ran out. The teacher did not notice her. She

wrote, "*Mother said, 'Bring me a glass of water.'*" on the blackboard. I realized what was happening, and began giggling.

The teacher heard me. She turned.

"Get up!" she said, looking sternly at me through her glasses.

It was at this moment that the girl came running in with the glass of water in her hand.

The whole class began to roar with laughter.

The teacher saw what was happening and began to laugh too.

**Nitya Paniker, Std. VIII,
K.V. (S.A.C.) Central School,
Ahmedabad.**

Temple Tears!

This happened when I was eight years old. During my summer vacations, we visited the famous Subramaniam Temple at Dharmastal in Karnataka.

We visited the nearly Adi Subramaniam sanctum first. Then we entered the main

temple. My cousins, my uncle and aunt were showing us around.

I was spellbound by the beauty of the temple. I saw the temple elephant too. Everybody was called for the 'aarthi'.

When the 'aarthi' was over, I looked around. I was all alone. I could not see my parents, nor my uncle and aunt, nor my cousins. I was horrified — I wandered around the whole temple trying to locate them. Finally, I was back at the entrance. I began to cry.

— Creative Writing —

Many of you have dogs in your houses, don't you? Well, long, long ago, I was afraid of dogs. I used to keep myself as far away from them as possible. If I saw a four-legged mutt, I would run a mile!

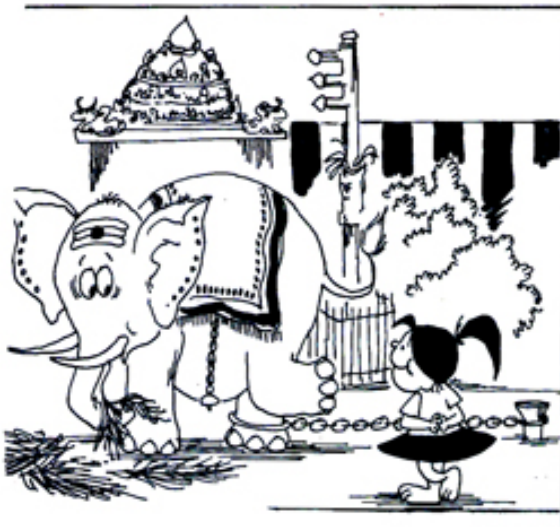
My grandpa and grandma live in Bangalore along with my aunt and cousins. They have a dog called Suzie. It is cute, but I was afraid of it.

"Go near it," my cousin Apporva said, "It won't do a thing!"

But no! Nothing would induce me to go close to it. The very word 'dog' was scary and horrible.

One evening, after school my elder sister Shreya, and I visited the playground on our bikes. There was a man with his





The temple priests sitting there came upto me and asked something in Kannada.

"I don't know Kannada," I replied in Hindi.

Somehow they understood. The *pujaris* found a family who knew English, and asked them to find out my father's name.

"Pr-a-kash Na-ayak!" I mumbled through my tears. They took me to the temple office. There I found my worried uncle and parents.

"Uncle!" I shouted in joy.

Now, whenever I visit a temple, I look for the office first!

**Priya Nayak, aged 13,
S.I.W.S. High School,
Bombay.**

TO THE RESCUE!

dog for a walk.

Since Shreya likes dogs, she got down and patted it. I just cycled as far away as possible.

And guess what happened? I was surrounded by a gang of mean-looking guys. I know Karate, and I

tried to defend myself, but it was no use.

And guess who came to my rescue? That dog of course! It attacked and bit each one of those men.

From that day onwards, I have lost my aversion to dogs. I have two of them myself — Topsy and Jipsy. I'll never forget that day. And will I ever part with my best friends? Never!

**Shruti Kapdi, aged 9,
Good Shepherd H.S.S.,
Madras.**





Once, my friends and I discussed the manner in which each one of us formed opinions of others. We



discussed this, many a time with our other friends. Each one of us had different views on it. I have written down some of mine.

How do you form an opinion about a person when you meet him for the first time? Let's assume that you have heard about him, but have never seen him. For instance, you have heard that Avinash is very good-looking and rich, but

GOOD, BAD OR UGLY?

is terribly proud.

"He is one who talks rashly and harshly to all," your friends say. Then mentally, you have a picture of Avinash in your mind. His reputation of being proud and harsh makes you imagine a person with a frown, with thin, cruel lips, etc.

When you actually meet Avinash, it is a surprise. He doesn't at all look harsh or proud or cruel! Avinash is good looking and smart.



We often form opinions about people by their appearance. Sunanda is not a pretty girl, but is good-natured and pleasant. You'll probably never appreciate people until you know them. So, you'll like Sunanda when you know her better, but will probably never like Avinash.

The fact is, you are attracted by a good-looking face or a dashing personality. If you have never met a person, and have never heard of him before, you'll probably form your first opinion from appearances only.

Thus, never make judgements rashly. Before you make a frame around a person and hang him up, get to know him better. In the long run, you'll find Sunanda beautiful and Avinash ugly!

And appearances can be

really deceptive. We usually expect people to be neat, well-dressed and wear good clothes. That's what makes us want to make friends with them. And first meetings are really important. It takes a long time to change first opinions.

You might find Shyam smart and friendly. This first impression will remain with you until you see him otherwise. You'll think of Shyam as a good friend until he treats you otherwise.

Thus, you'll make false friends too! And you might just miss a good friend because you didn't want to talk to him, for he was not that attractive in appearance!

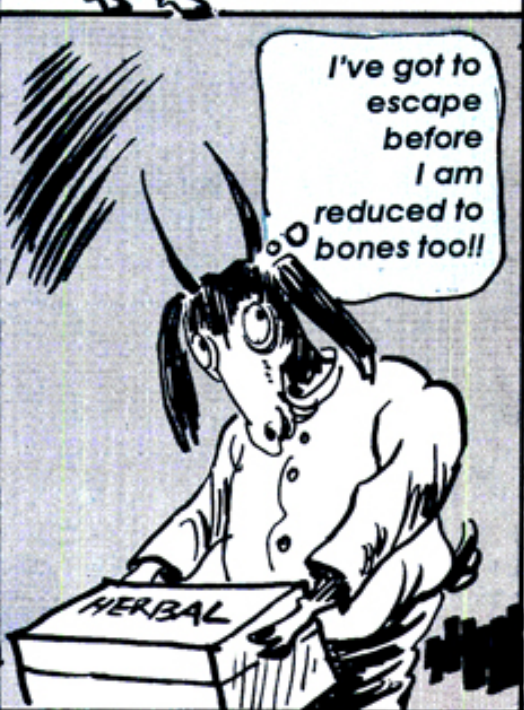
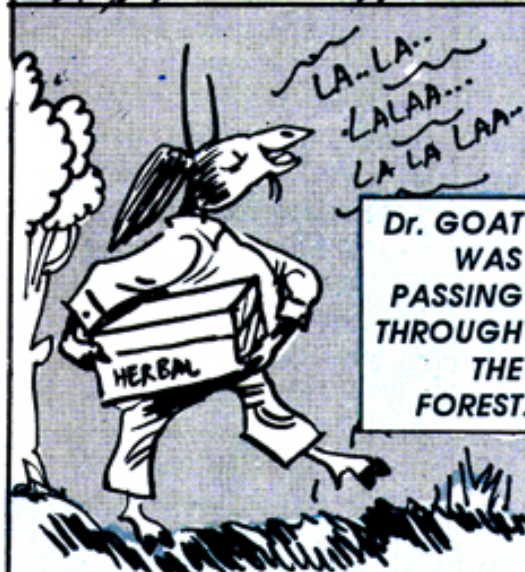
Ours is a human mind. And a human heart is what we have. Let's try our best to be fair and just when we judge people.

**Swarna A. Krishnan, aged 16,
Bhopal - 462 023.**



DR. GOAT'S MEDICINE CHEST

Illustration by NATANAM



Dr. GOAT BEGAN TO DEMONSTRATE THE TRICKS OF HIS TRADE.



What are you doing, Goatie?

**See this wonderful potion?
If you drink this,
your strength will double!**



This magic potion must be mine!



Give me that!



**It's not complete!
I've got to have one more
ingredient....**





THE FRIGHTENED FOX FLED!



THE ANGRY LION FOLLOWED HIM.

Hey, you! Come back here!
What a friend you are! You run
when I need your tail? STOP!



Thank God
he didn't
want my
tail!

Er.... friend Tiger!
It was actually
a tiger's tail that
I need.....

.... but if I had
said that,
the lion would have
got you.....

Thank you
friend!

You saved me
in time!
Thanks, Goatie'

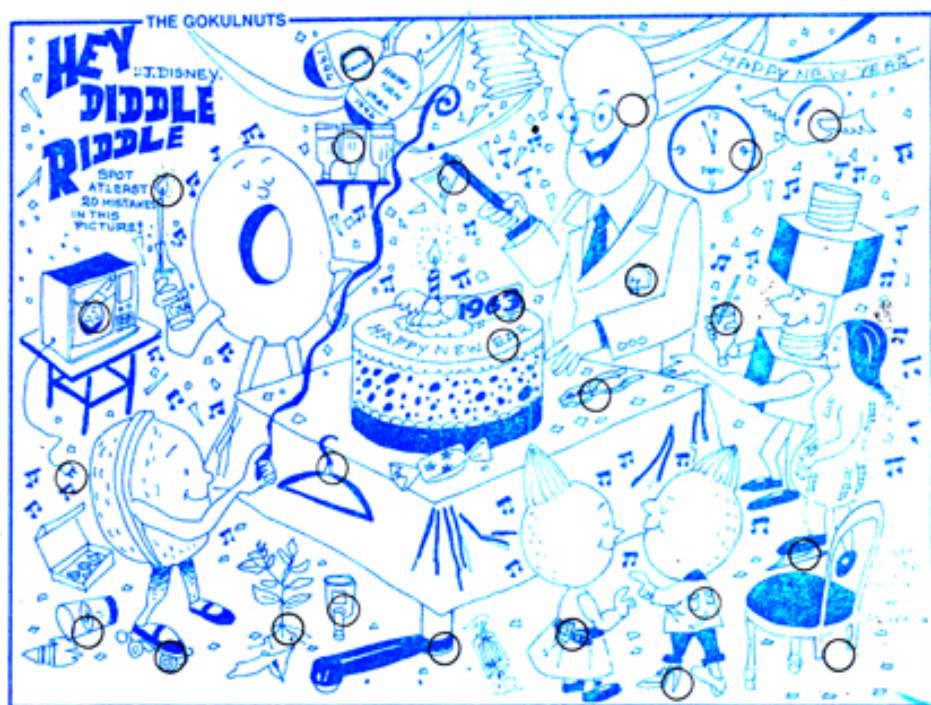
Thank you, thank you, medicine
box! You chased away lion,
tiger and fox!

END

Based on a story sent by S. Karthik and Rajeshwari S.R., Bangalore - 27.

ANSWERS

Pages 22/23



Page 27

W	A	S	H	I	N	G	T	O	N	W	S
I	X	Z	A	N	T	E	B	R	O	A	S
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S	I	G	E	P	K	E	B	R	C	N	N
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Can you imagine a world without toys? Well, I guess it must be pretty difficult. From the time a baby learns to look around him, he is exposed to toys. He sees and hears rattles, musical toys, enjoys different kinds of squeaky and movable dolls.... Most of you must be outgrowing different kinds of toys every year.

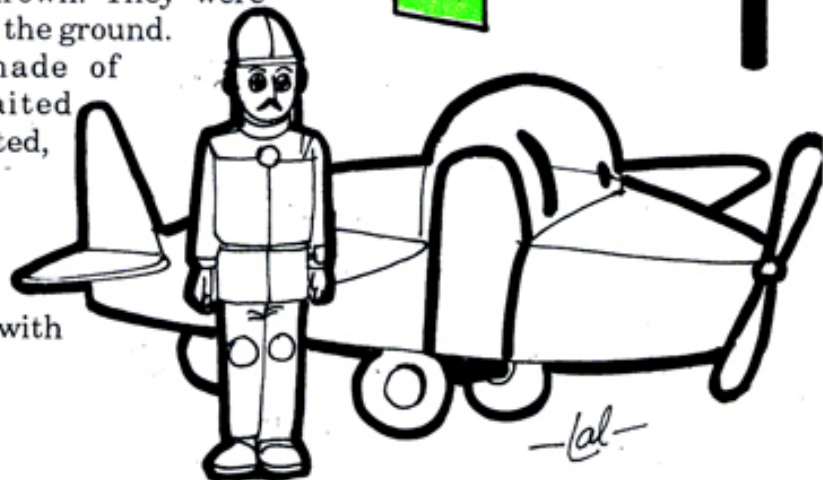
The modern child has computer games, electronic games and video games. But what about the child that was born just so many years ago? Let's go back in time and have a look at some of the earliest toys.

Animal toys have been favourites with children through history. Children in ancient Greece played with toys that could be pulled on wheels, or whose tails could be wagged. They also had jointed dolls, very much like the plastic ones that are available today. These were usually made of wood or clay.

Early Egyptians had clay dolls, and Romans had rag dolls. Sumerian children had many kinds of toys to be pulled on wheels, since they were the first to invent the wheel.

One of the most popular and all-time toys, is the simple, round ball. The earliest balls were made of clay and could not be thrown. They were merely rolled on the ground. Soon, balls made of reeds and plaited wool were invented, which could be thrown. Greek and Chinese children played with

TOYS



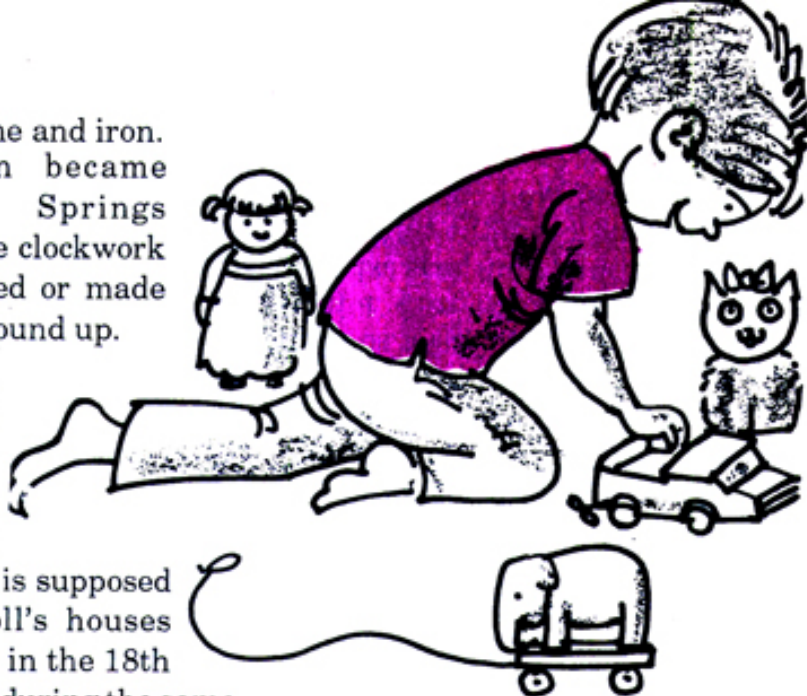
marbles of stone and iron.

Toys soon became mechanical. Springs helped to make clockwork toys that moved or made noises when wound up.

You must have seen that wonderful pink house made of plastic that Barbie is supposed to live in. Doll's houses were built only in the 18th century. It was during the same time that toy soldiers (the forerunners of today's G.I. Joe) were manufactured from lead or tin. They were stiff, and sometimes unpainted.*

Toys today, are advanced, and expensive! Take the Barbie doll for instance. How many kinds of Barbies there are! And how many changes of clothes she has! Not to mention the other accessories — her house, her furniture, her extended family that include Ken and the Hart family kids.

Shwetha, who is in playschool, says, "There is a boy in my class who tells me that he wants Barbie dolls too.



He doesn't want He-man or G.I. Joe."

Shwetha has her own Barbie, whom she dresses up in many varieties of clothes.

Or take He-man. The cartoon film which was aired on Doordarshan made this character popular. So much so that, the toy He-man with his castle Greyskull, villain Skeletor, and other companion characters, is known to almost every child.

"I have a He-man, a Skeletor and an Orco," says Vignesh Nata-

rajan, aged 8, who studies in Vidya Mandir. "I have seven G.I. Joes and more than thirty Hot Wheels."

"A boy in my class says that he wants Barbie dolls too. He doesn't want He-man or G.I. Joe."

*Soldier dolls made of clay and stone were played with during ancient times.



The marketing strategy for these branded toys is done cleverly. Take the G.I. Joe Commando range for instance. Each commando has a name, and a little story about him at the back of the pack. So you don't even have to make up a story for them. You

only have to invent new adventures each time you play with them!

There are many children like Vignesh who collect whole sets of toys.

"One child has it, then the others want it too," says Mr. Prasad, a sales executive at *Little Kingdom*, a toy shop in Madras. "If there are any new additions to any of these toys, the children come to know of it themselves, and come and ask for it."

"I pretend some of them are good guys," says Vignesh, "And the others are the bad ones."

So the bad guys are vanquished, killed, etc. at the end of the game.

What is so special about these toys anyway?

"Well...They are realistic. The toys can be made to move about just like we do," says Mr. Selvaraj, Product Manager at Funskool India Ltd. "The

The popular rocking horse has an interesting history. It began as the 'hobby horse' during the middle ages. This was simply a stick with the head of a horse attached to it. Later, wheels were attached to it. Then it was mounted on a platform, and soon, it got the form it has today. The horse was a popular toy that could be found in almost every rich home during those times.



children can assemble the accessories themselves. The G.I. Joes can be made to hold guns, wear backpacks, sit inside tanks, helicopters..."

India has its own rich toy culture. Decorated elephants, tigers, lions and other animals, carts made for young children to pull, etc. were very popular in ancient times. Dolls were made of clay and wood too. Little utensils made of wood and tin, and all



our Gods moulded in clay and painted in rich colours find a place in the 'Kolu' which we arrange during Navarathri every year. Changes in our culture have been reflected in our toys. But surprising is the

development today - few popular toys are truly Indian in origin!

The teddy bear is a comparatively modern toy. It's got a cute story behind it. Theodore Roosevelt, a President of the United States in an early part of this century, went on a bear hunt to the Rocky mountains. There, he caught a baby bear. The incident was widely reported in the papers as 'Teddy's Bear'. That's how the toy known as the teddy bear came into being.

The toys of today are attractive and smart! So what if they eliminate good old imagination and inventiveness? You may not have time to play hopscotch, draw or read. You have Barbie, Herman and G.I. Joe to keep you company!

Our Staff Reporter

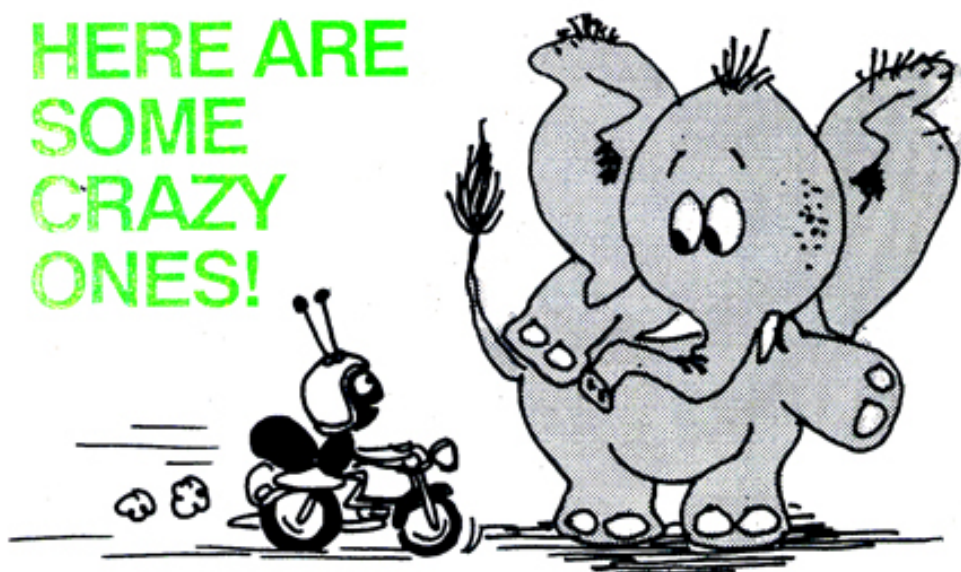


Q : Why did the moron throw butter at the fly?

A : He wanted to see a butterfly!

**Sidharth S., aged 8,
Bangalore - 560 038.**

HERE ARE
SOME
CRAZY
ONES!



Q : Four elephants are swimming in a pool. A boy dives in and counts the number of legs. Actually there should be 16, but the boy counts only 12. Why?

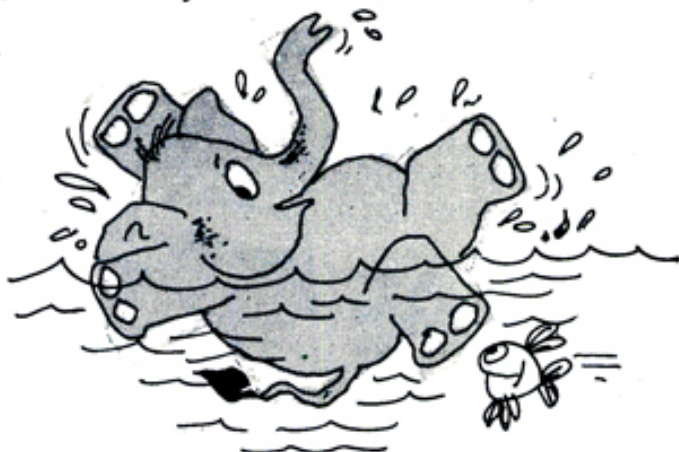
A : One elephant is doing the backstroke!

Q : An ant is speeding down the road on his bike. An elephant asks for a lift. The ant stops, and the elephant hops on.

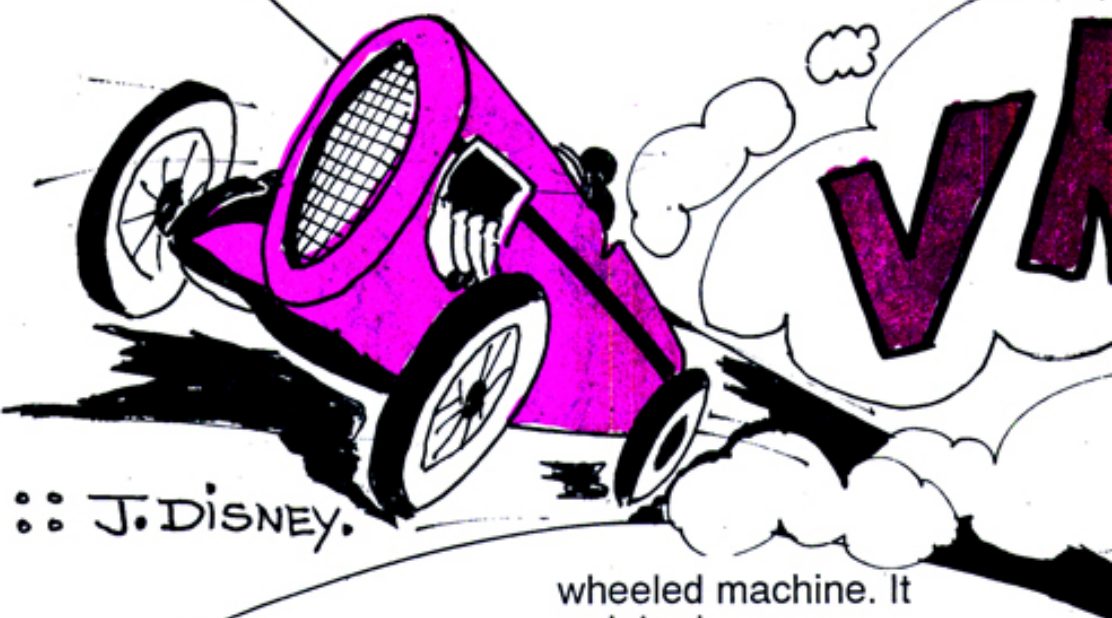
As they speed on, another elephant thumbs a ride. The ant stops once again. The ant, with his two pillion passengers zooms along, when they meet with an accident. The two elephants die, but the ant survives. Why?

A : The ant is wearing a safety helmet.

P. Anand, aged 13,
Hyderabad
- 500 040.



MY STORY- 'THE CAR'



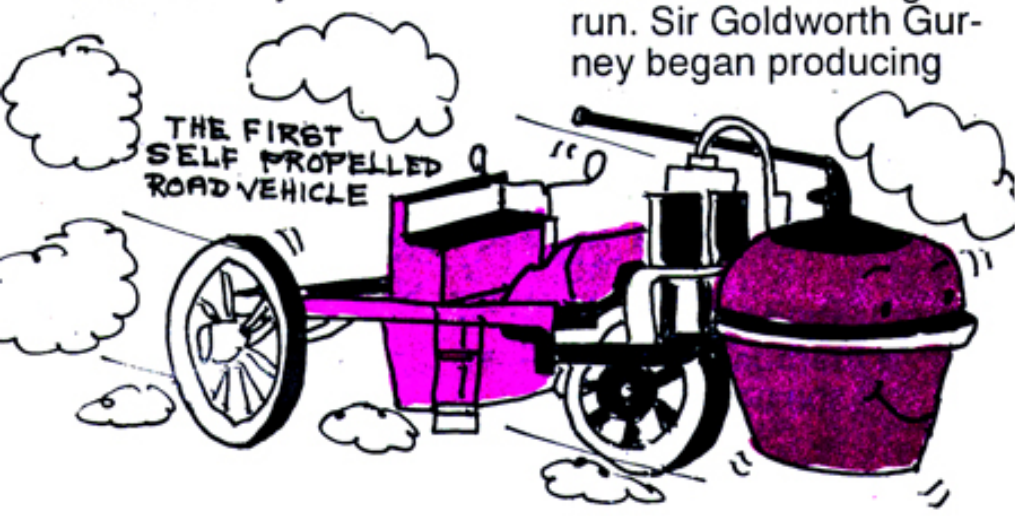
:: J. DISNEY.

Although we have now become a part of your everyday lives, few of you know about our early beginnings.

As long ago as 1769, a French army engineer, Nicholas Joseph Cugnot, built the first truly self-propelled vehicle. This was a heavy three-

wheeled machine. It weighed 4 tons and had a speed of 3.5 kmph. During the next fifty years many people tried to make a successful steam vehicle.

By the 1830's, the steam vehicles had made really great advances, and some passenger carrying services were being run. Sir Goldworth Gurney began producing



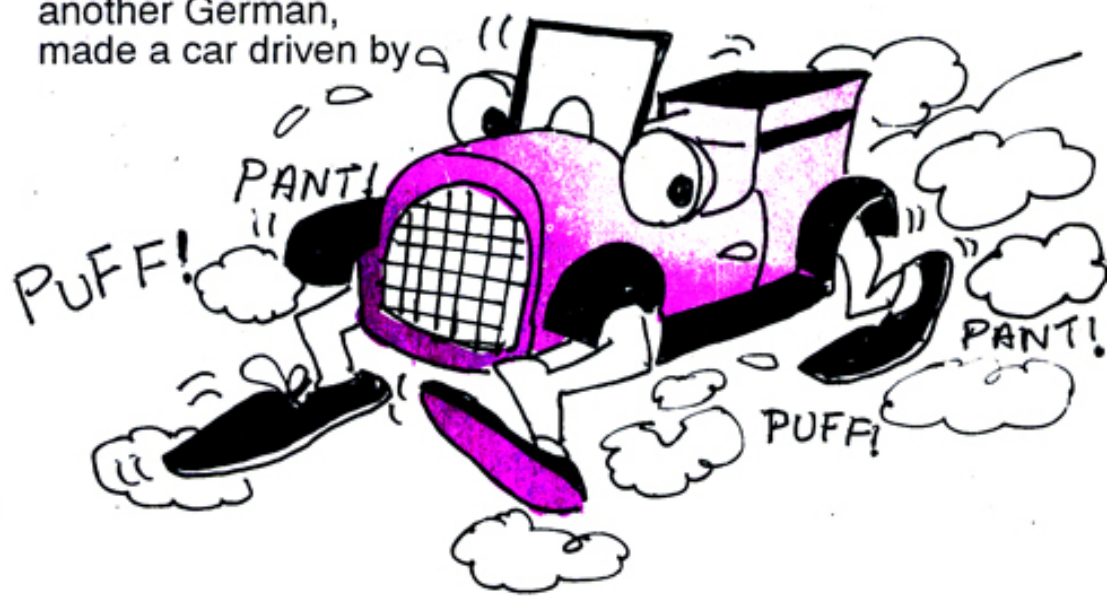
BOOOOM...

a vehicle with mechanical *legs* instead of wheels.

However in 1885, a new invention 'The petrol engine' was first used instead of the steam engine, to propel a road vehicle. The inventor was a German named Carl Benz. His invention was officially launched on 3rd July 1886, in Mannheim. The car reached a speed of 15 kmph. A year later, Gottlieb Daimler, another German, made a car driven by a

a motor of his own design. These two men share the credit for an invention which was to change the transport habits of the world. Their efforts laid the foundation of the great motor industry as you know it today.

By 1895, ten years after the first Benz car was built, many well-known makes had been produced. Daimler, Panhard, Peugeot and Ford are some of them. Towards the

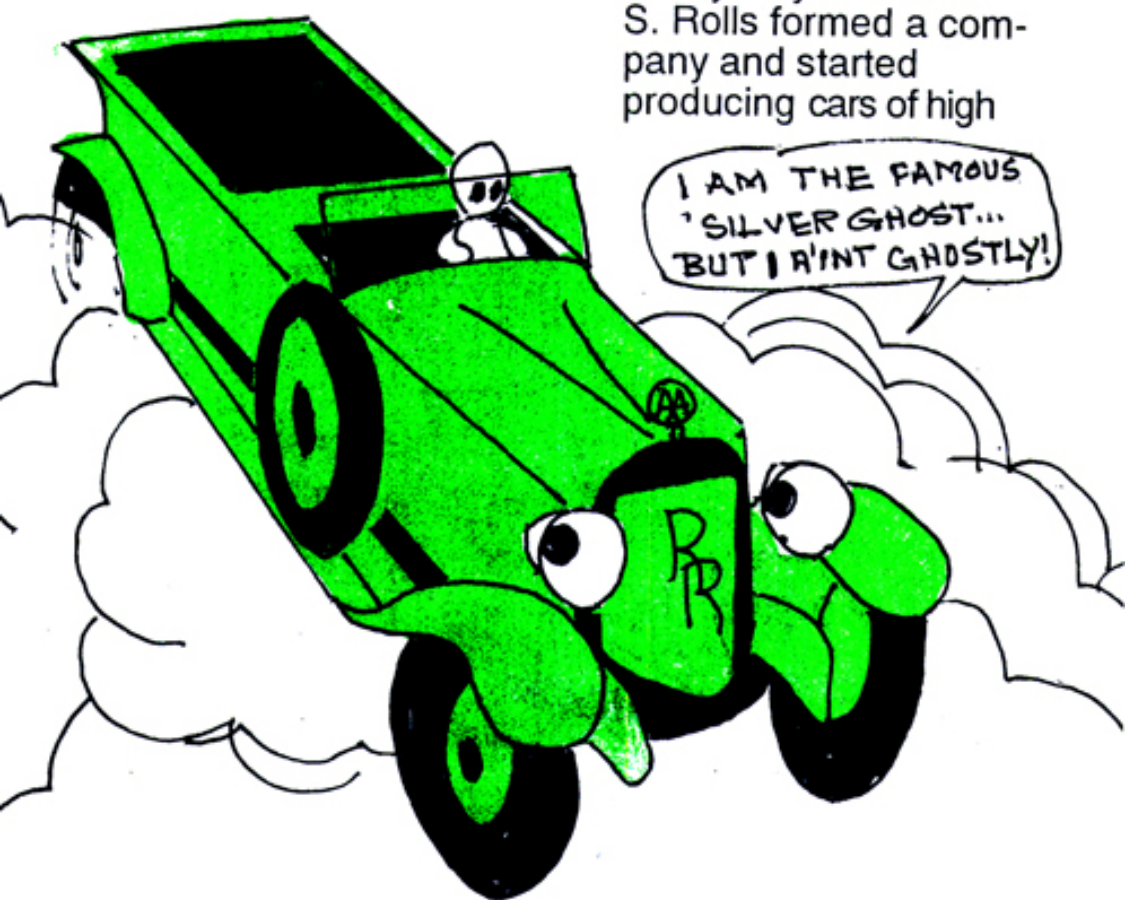


end of that year, the first car race was held. It was run between Paris and Bordeaux in France. The race was won by the Panhard-Levassor car, which covered the 732 miles in forty-eight hours, at an average speed of about 25 kmph.

It might sound slow to you, but it was an amazing event for those early models!

During the initial years, we were very costly. Common people could not afford a car. Because each and every car was hand made. It was Henry Ford, who, in 1909 introduced a car 'The Ford Model T', cheap enough for almost everyone to buy. The Ford Model T was sold for not more than £240.

In 1909, two men, Henry Royce and C. S. Rolls formed a company and started producing cars of high



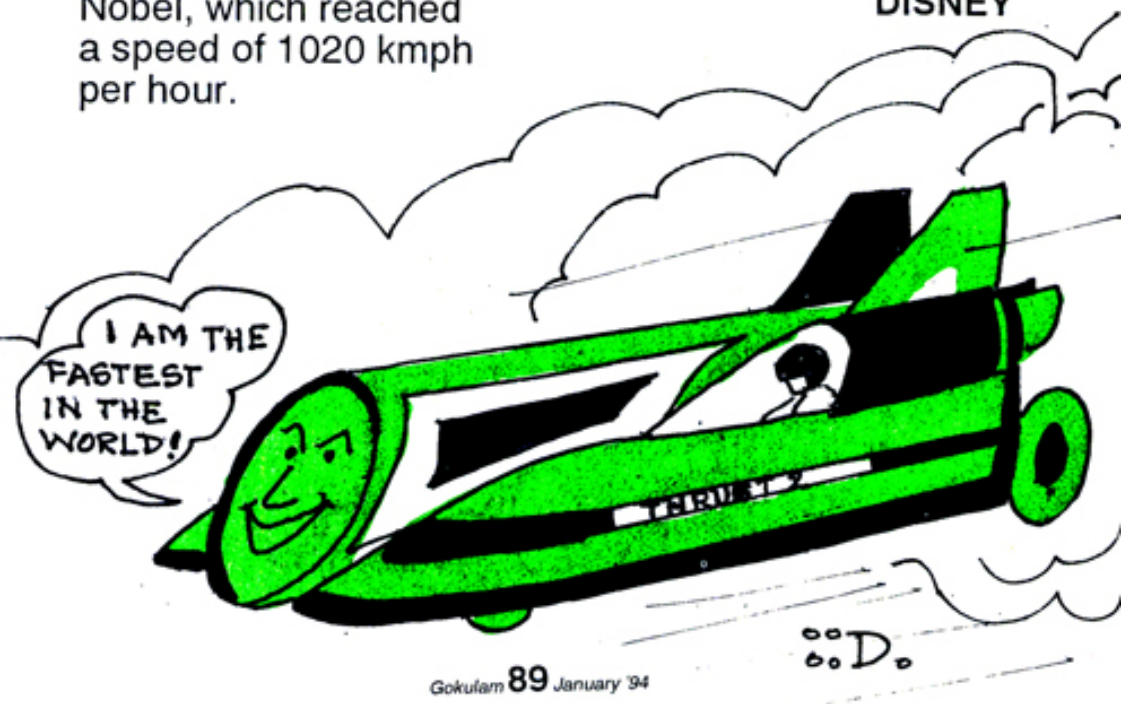
standard and workmanship. But they were very expensive. In 1911, they produced a car called the 'Silver Ghost' which was sold for a whopping £9000.

The next exciting of all our achievements was speed. In 1892, the world speed record was 23 kmph per hour. In the 1920's, it had been raised to 372 kmph, and by the 60's it had reached 665 kmph per hour! Now the world land speed record is held by a car called Thrust-2, driven by one Nobel, which reached a speed of 1020 kmph per hour.

My story will go on. The solar age will come. We may even be driven by atomic power in the future. In years ahead, the petrol engine may become as outdated, as steam is today. In the meantime, we cars, have become more comfortable, speedy, silent and reliable.

We have become so much a part of your everyday life, that you cannot imagine a world without us — cars!

DISNEY



"The ultimate in messiness! The stupidest thing in the world! I tell you, that girl is too weird to be true!" Nithya's face was irritated as she spoke.

"Oh! Come on, Nithya! Don't keep cursing that poor girl!"

"Just look at her, Shiela," Nithya replied. "How can anyone be like that? So 'traditional' in appearance. If she stops using oil in that long



her. She's not a bad girl really! How can you judge a book by its cover?"

"That's because she talks with you! She thinks four times before she tells me 'Hi'! She does not like me at all!"

"Neither do you like her."

"That's because she's the silliest person I've ever met in my life. You're the only one in class with whom she talks at intervals and during free periods she sits aloof in her own

hair, she can save a bottle of it a day. And look at that parting! Almost a path there!

A cart can go along it without losing its way! Unironed blouse, dirty skirt, glasses larger than her face, rectangular figure and a walk like Donald Duck's! A real mess of all messes! Funny....

"Stop it, Nithya! Will you?"

"I am...."

"No, I am sorry!" Shiela did not allow her to continue, "But I am fed up with all that nonsense you keep saying about

world or reads a book. When all of us are having fun together, she sits alone in a corner as if we've condemned her as an untouchable. When we talk about Andre Agasi, she'll be doing barbarian history!"

"She's studious, that's all!"

"How you defend her, Shiela! She never knows what's happening, today! What's the use of knowing history by heart?"

NITHYA AND 'THAT' GIRL!

"I agree with you Nithya, but why don't you try to understand her?"

Nithya glanced at her skeptically. But a moment later, she sighed and said, "I know where I am wrong — talking the right topic to the wrong person I don't want to argue with you. Bye!"

Shiela couldn't help feeling bad. She'd had a difference of opinion with her best friend. But she didn't like unfair teasing either. While Nithya was frank, open and practical, Shiela saw the inner qualities of 'that' girl — Aruna.

The inter school athletic meeting was over and the prizes

were given away. Shiela and Nithya were chatting about it.

"It was such a tough competition," Nithya was saying, "I didn't expect to win the second prize." Just then she saw Aruna come towards them. "Your friend has come."

"My friend?" Shiela was surprised. "Who?"

"The silly old duck!"

"Stop describing her like that," Shiela replied, pained.

"Very sorry! Really!" cried Nithya in anger. "I am going. Enjoy her company."

"Hi!" Aruna smiled at Shiela, "Hi Nithya!"

Nithya stopped in surprise. She had not expected it.





"Mm... hi!" she replied hesitantly.

"I see you've won a prize," said Aruna, "Congrats. What did you win in?"

"Long jump."

"The one in which you jump over a bar?"

"Oh, God!" thought Nithya, "How dumb can she be?"

But she answered, "That's high jump. Long jump depends on how far you jump."

"Oh! What funny games those are! I've never liked these athletic events. I like only indoor games. I intend to win a prize in one of them tomorrow."

Nithya looked at her amazed.

"I see," she replied, "Well, all the best."

But Aruna was already miles away in her thoughts, and Nithya did not mean those last three words anyway.

As Aruna walked away, Nithya said, "Just look at the way she talked."

"Ya!" replied a stunned Shiela, "Quite silly!"

"Very silly! Very, very silly!"

"Nithya!" retorted Shiela, "Though I agree with you, I wish you wouldn't be quite so rabid in the way you talk."

Nithya's expression changed.

"Sorry Shiela," she said, "I am not in the mood for your lectures. Bye!"

The inter-school indoor championships were over too.

Nithya was not interested in the results, but she laughed all the same, at the thought of Aruna winning a prize.

The principal was distributing all the prizes at the assembly.

"The second prize winner in the under-12 chess, girls, is Radhika. And Rajan won the first prize in the under-15 chess."

There was loud applause.

"In carrom-board, in the under-12 category, Manoj comes second...."

There was loud applause again.

"And in the under-15, Aruna won the first prize."

As the students clapped, Nithya turned to Shiela by her side.

"Ar-Aruna? What on earth? She said Aruna?"

"Yes, yes!" replied Shiela, "Look! There she is!"

As Aruna returned with her prize, many shook hands with her. Nithya stuck out her hand for Aruna to shake too!

"Oh, Nithya!" smiled Aruna shyly, "You were my inspiration. You keep winning so many times, I thought I must win a prize too. So I practised carrom, which I was good at, but never bothered about."

Later, Aruna's words bounced about in Nithya's brain.

"How could I be so egoistic," she thought, "I thought myself too smart for words."

"Shiela," she confessed, "I can be mean sometimes. I guess there's nothing wrong with Aruna after all!"

**Aarthi,
Madras - 28.**

POETRY

TELEVISION

Television is full of programmes,
Of advertisements of black grams,
Of plates and pastes,
Tastes and wastes!
Remember — buy without haste!

**Sandhya Narayan Swamy, aged 8,
Salem - 1.**



•••••

CHARITY TO CHARCOAL!



"In that case," he said, in a wave of magnanimity, "This forest is yours from this day. Live from its proceeds. You need not even work for a day in your life."

The ministers and courtiers applauded this fine gesture.

Many months passed.

The king remembered his gift to the old man, and wanted to see how he lived now. He rode into the forest one morning. And what did he see? The old man with a bundle of something in a sack on his head!

The king was furious.

"What's this old man?" he thundered.

A king was inspecting his sandalwood forest with his ministers and courtiers. They came across an old man tottering under a load of firewood on his head.

The king stopped.

"Why are you doing such hard work in this old age?" he asked the old man. "Don't you have anyone to look after you?"

"No sire," replied the old man. "I have nobody in this world to call my own."

The kind king felt sad.

The startled old man dropped his bundle and stood trembling in fear.

"I am taking some charcoal to sell at the market my lord," he stammered.

"Charcoal?" asked the king, "What charcoal?"

"The charcoal from burning these trees in the forest you gave me, sire," replied the old man. "It is so much easier carrying a light load of charcoal on my head. I have you to thank for that sire."

The thoughtful king turned to his chief minister.

"Let this forest belong to the kingdom once again," he said. "Give this old man a pension of a hundred gold coins a month."

With the profuse thanks of the old man ringing in his ears, the king rode back to his palace.

KAILASH

Dear Editor,

 There is nothing undignified in labour. Every job is important, and we should look at it in that spirit.

Many people have a wrong idea about manual work. They want to do only 'white-collar jobs'. That's not right. One should be prepared to do any kind of work.

**Shweta Shankar, aged 12,
St. Joseph's School, Bhopal.**

Dear Editor,

 Recently we had visited Tirupathi. After a darshan of the deity, we decided to purchase some 2 or 3 *laddus*.

We stood in the queue at the counter and gave the man Rs. 5/- He gave us one *laddu*, but did not return the change. (A *laddu* costs Rs. 4/-) The person after us in the queue gave Rs. 20/- He received just four *laddus* and did not get any change either.

Nowadays, even to see the Lord, we have to pay bribes. One man came upto us



* Memory power!

and said, "Give, me Rs. 100/- and I'll take you straight inside the temple!

**J. Asha, aged 10,
Bangalore - 21.**

Dear Editor,

 In almost all educational institutions, the seniors rag the juniors. They think it is the only way in which they can come to know each other. Never mind simple ragging where the juniors are asked to recite a nursery rhyme, etc.

In some professional colleges, ragging is so bad that some students even commit suicide.

**Archana J., aged 13,
Bombay - 400 031.**

VIEWPOINT

* Bus vs Man!



Dear Editor,

Many students seem to remember film dialogues though they have seen the movie only once.

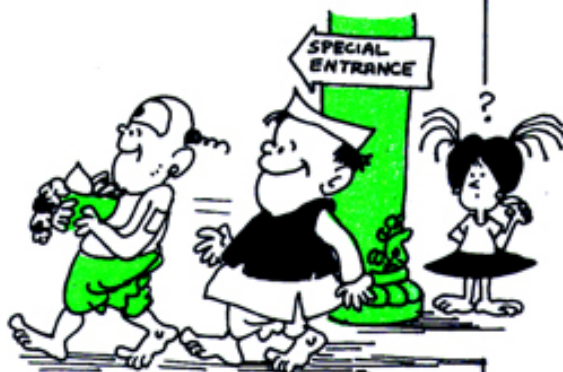
But ask them to memorize a carefully explained lesson - they are unable to do it!

**Harish Raman,
Phaltan - 415 523.**

Dear Editor,

One day, I was travelling in a very crowded bus with my mother. At one bus stop, the driver did not bother to stop. He just drove on. Many people who had been waiting for long, were disappointed. I felt very sorry for them.

**V. Geetha, aged 12,
CSI Ewart School, Madras.**



* V.I.P Darshan!

Dear Editor,

This incident took place in front of my eyes. The place was the 'Osmania University Road' in Hyderabad. I was travelling by bus. At the Engineering College stop, some students got in, in front. The driver and conductor very politely asked the

students to move in. The students rudely asked them to mind their business. But as the argument continued, the students tried to drag the conductor out and beat him down.

As they got down from the bus, they threatened a 'Raastha Rokho'.

The reason I am writing this letter, is to ask you why 'educated' people behave this way. What is India's future now?

**Karuna,
Hyderabad.**

*You have not given your address,
Karuna. Please send it to us.* **Ed.**

Dear Editor,

In temples nowadays, some people are allowed to go through special entrances to worship the Lord. During festival days hundreds of people wait in a queue for hours together. But some V.I.Ps come and gain entrance in five minutes. Is this equality?

**S. Preethi, aged 13,
Alvernia School, Coimbatore.**

Dear Editor,

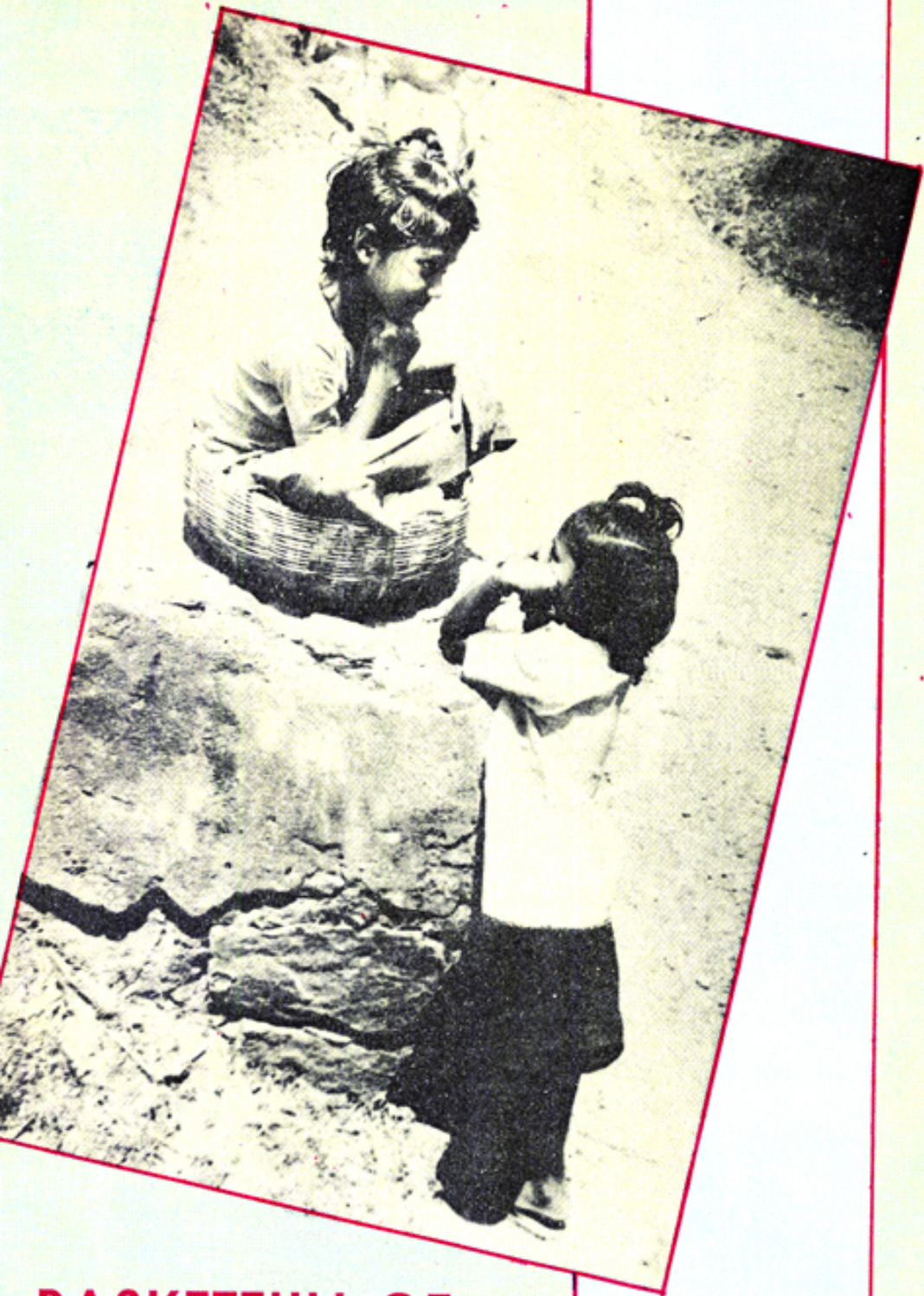
I agree with P. Aarthi (November '93 issue). Once, during the annual exams, I saw students in one of the exam halls moving about and discussing answers. I thought that the exams were over. But on close inspection I saw an invigilator sitting there casually. The students were actually copying!

**K. Vijayalakshmi, aged 15,
Ranipet - 632 406.**

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**BASKETFULL OF
THOUGHTS!**

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